









## THE MAN IN THE MOON.

**SUPERSTITIONS ENTERTAINED ABOUT HIM.**

The belief that he is up there for theft traced back to the early Jews. The Chinese have no man there, but a rabbit.

[Brooklyn Citizen.]

The most interesting relic surviving from the primeval superstitions of the world is the popular belief in many countries that the spots on the moon represent human beings. Everybody knows that our lunar satellite is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks upon his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries, and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. Dante calls him Cain, Chaucer speaks of him as undergoing punishment up there for theft, and gives him a thorn bush to carry, whereas Shakespeare, whilst assigning to him a thorn-load, by way of compensation gives him a dog for a companion. The general belief, however, was that his offense was not stealing, but Sabbath breaking. Like the gentleman mentioned in the "Book of Numbers," he was caught gathering sticks on Sunday, and as an example to mankind was pilloried in this conspicuous place with the objects of his quest bundled upon his back. Another legend identifies him with the figure of Isaac in the act of carrying fuel from his contemplated sacrifice of his son, while the Jews have a Talmudical story that Jacob is in the moon, and that his face is occasionally visible.

This belief in the moon man varies in different countries. The Swedish peasant explains the lunar spots as representing a boy and girl and bearing a pall of woe between them, whom the moon once caught in her horns and carried off into the heavens—a legend current also in Icelandic mythology. A German tale says that a man and a woman stand in the moon—the man because he strayed from one Sunday morning in the church park, the woman for making butter on the same day. The latter carries her butter tub, the former his bundle of thorns. The Dutch have it that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables. The natives of Ceylon have a hare instead of a man in the moon, the hare having slain a man by jumping into a well, and the hare to himself for the benefit of Buddha. The Chinese represented the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon, Jui-ho, is figured by a beautiful young woman with a double sphere behind her head and a rabbit at her feet. The period of this animal's gestation is thirty days, which, as Donna suggests, may typify the moon's revolution around the earth.

The nursery rhyme credits the gentleman up there with a visit to the earth, on which occasion he took a fancy to pease porridge, which he was in such a hurry to eat that he burned his mouth by jumping into it. He struck the earth he "asked the way to Norwich." But we are not informed whether he reached his destination. According to the classic tale, the youth in the moon is probably Endymion, beloved of Selene, and that's why so much "spooning" is occasioned by the round-faced orb of night. Egypt's moon, with a face in the dark, represents the little Nurus in the womb of his mother, Isis. Plutarch says Sisyphus is in the moon, and Clemens Alexandrinus quotes Socrates to prove it, thus, it must be true.

An Australian legend says the moon was a native cat, who fell in love with some one's wife, and was driven away to wander over space. Among the Eskimos the sun is a maiden, and the moon is her brother, and the Khasias of the Himalayas say that the moon falls every month in love with his mother-in-law, who throws ashes in his face, whence his spots. I can't help thinking now that these Khasias were trying to go the American humorists one better.

The Malays believe that the moon is a woman and the stars her children, whereas in South America they cap this story by the assertion that the moon is a man and the sun is his wife. It will be seen by the above facts that these native myths differ rather widely in the way they assign to the moon than to the sun, but they are curious survivals of that ancient and venerable philosophy which sought to explain the mysteries of creation by putting an assortment of animals in the moon.

In olden times many people actually worshipped the moon—at least I am told—and I have read of a man in the olden times who was capable of doing. Worshipping the moon was decent compared to worshipping snakes and geese, which they used to do on the banks of the Nile "which flows through lush old Egypt," according to Leigh Hunt, who wasn't tormented by impetuous ideas with yells for "butcher and bell!" as visited the country. The Jewish law ordered the man or woman to be stoned with stones till he died who "hath gone and served other gods and worshipped them, either the sun or moon or any of the host of heaven." In Egyptian theology, too, the moon was regarded as a personal divinity of enormous awe—in fact, almost equal to a goose, while in the earliest Aryan theology the moon was an object of adoration. Among savage tribes it is still worshipped, and numerous omens are sought from its changes. Dr. Tyler tells us how the negro tribes welcome the new moon, and with what droll gestures the Guinea darkies greet it, dancing themselves about and pretending to throw re-bands at it. In pre-historic times moon worship was practiced in England, just as in worship was the faith in Ireland. The Irish gave her was that of a beautiful maid. In Europe in the fifteenth century many were in the habit of paying obedience to the new moon with bended knee or with removed, and as Dr. Sam Johnson says, is true even now that it "had great influence in vulgar philosophy." According to allancey the Irish, on seeing the new moon, immediately knelt down and repeated the Lord's prayer, at the conclusion of which they exclaimed, "May thou leave us as thou hast found us." They still make the sign of the cross, repeating the accompanying words, imagining that by this act they will gain what they wish for. The English say when the moon is full, "It is a new moon. God help her."

Various forms of moon worship survive in the superstitions and legends of the world associated here and there, with its changes, which are supposed to influence the affairs of daily life. In the United States a large number of these myths are believed, not only by the uneducated, but also by people who ought to have better sense. They are mostly old-fashioned reminiscences of the old myths of the countries whence America was settled, chiefly England. As we track their origins down in different places many will recall, if they ever lived there, to have heard them doled out as gems of wisdom by the weather prophet, and the town tales of the rural districts.

The English peasant considers it unlucky to have no piece of silver money in his pocket to turn for prosperity when he first sees the new moon. In Yorkshire the only way of averting this ill omen is at once to turn heels over head. "I have known per-

son," says Mr. Hunt, speaking of Cornish superstitions, "whose attention has been called to a new moon, hostilely. 'Hey, I see her out-a-doors afore'! If not, they will go into the open air, and, if possible, show the moon a piece of gold, or at all events, turn their money." In Cornwall, too, the first money on market day is frequently split on for good luck; and if silver, to be kept for "lucky money," to be shown to the new moon and turned three times toward it; the person who shows it. Three wishes are made while showing the money, which the wisest turns three times from the moon toward himself. To see the new moon through glass indicates that one will break glass of some kind before the month is out. Mr. Raynes, writing in the East Anglian, tells of a respectable tradesman's wife who dreamed seeing the new moon through glass, since her husband was sure afterward to spend most of his time at the public house.

A more agreeable aspect of the moon's phases is the quantity of love omens and omens derived therefrom. Thus, in Berkshire and other counties, at the first appearance of a new moon young women go into the field, and while looking up at it, repeat the following rhyme:

"New moon, new moon, I hail thee!  
By all the virtue in thy body,  
O moon, be kind to me!  
He who my true love is to be."

After this return with the firm conviction that before the following morning their future husbands will appear to them in their dreams. There are several varieties of this superstition. One consists in looking at the first new moon of the year through a silk handkerchief which has never been washed, at the same time using this incantation:

"New moon, new moon, I hail thee!  
By all the virtue in thy body,  
O moon, be kind to me!  
He who my true love is to be."

As the moon is so kind to me, I see through the handkerchief—the threads multiply them to the vision—indicate the number of years she will remain unmarried. Again, a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" tells us that, being on a visit to Yorkshire, he was much amused one evening to find the servants of the house exclaiming themselves for being out of the way when the bell rang, on the plea that they had been "hailing the first new moon of the year." This mysterious and eventful greeting was accomplished by means of a looking-glass, in which the first sight of the moon was reflected, and the object to be gained was the all-important secret as to how many years were to elapse before the marriage of the spectators. If one moon was in the glass, one year; if two, two years, and so on. In the case in question the maid and boy saw only one moon.

The old Welsh adage, which tells those who are anxious to gain an insight into futurity to take off one of their stockings when they first see the new moon of the new year, and run to the next stall, of their toes a hair which will be the color of their lover's. In the north of England, and in Scotland, it is a prevalent belief that if a person on first catching glimpse of the new moon were instantly to stand still, kiss his hand three times and bow to the lunar orb, he would find something of value before the end of the next thirty days. In many places, also, it is considered lucky to see the new moon over the right shoulder, and the servants of the house, straight before one is said to prognosticate good fortune to the end of the month.

One of the popular notions in vulgar philosophy is that of sympathy or rivalry and declining nature with the waxing and waning of the moon. Certain seeds are to be sown in the wax, certain in the wax of the moon. In Devonshire it is a common idea that apples "strump up" if picked when the moon is waning. It is a Cornish notion that timber should be felled in the "bating" of the moon, because the "sap is then down" and the wood will be more durable. In the same county, also, herbs for drying are gathered at the full of the moon, likewise apples and pears. In order that they may retain their plumpness. Many also prefer to sow their garden and other seeds during the moon's first quarter, from the idea that they will then germinate and grow stronger than on the decrease.

In addition to agricultural operations the moon is supposed to exert a great influence upon human birth and the killing of a child. In the north of England, when a child is born in the interval between a full moon and the first appearance of a new one, it is said that it will never live to the age of puberty. Hence the saying, "No moon, no man." In the same county, too, when a boy is born in the wane of the moon it is believed that the next time he will be a girl, and the reverse is also a prevalent belief that when a birth takes place on the "growing of the moon" the next child will be of the same sex. In many places eggs are set under the hen at the new moon, and in Suffolk it is considered unlucky to put a pig on the waning moon, lest the pork should wobble. Another piece of folk-lore associated with the moon is its supposed power to heal certain diseases. In the south of England the May new moon is said to have a share in curing scrofulous complaints. In Devonshire the hair and nails should always be cut during the waning of the moon, and persons troubled with corns are recommended to cut them after the moon has been at its full.

Another popular idea is that the weather changes with the moon's quarters; although, of course, there is no truth in this piece of vulgar astrology. That educated people, as Dr. Tyler has truly pointed out, to whom exact weather forecasts are not considered, should still find satisfaction in this fanciful lunar rule, is an interesting case of intellectual survival. Still, the fact remains, and, in every-day life, one of the most frequent remarks concerning wet weather is that it will, no doubt, change with the moon. In England a change of the moon on Saturday is an unfavorable sign, and a bad sign, and numerous proverbs to the effect abound. In Italy Wednesday is the unlucky one, while in the south of France Friday occupies the evil spot. When the moon is surrounded by a halo of water clouds the seamen say there will be a change of weather, for the "moondogs" are about. A pale moon, also, is equally ominous, and Shakespeare alludes to this in the *Midsommer Night's Dream*:

"Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That heaven's curtains, and the world's blue."

When the moon's horns appear to point upward it is said to be like a boat, and in many parts there is an idea that when it is thus situated there will be no rain. Sailors say it denotes fine weather, for, to use their phrase: "You can hang your hat upon it." In Liverpool, however, it is thought a sign of foul weather, as the moon is now considered to be like a basin full of water about to fall. Whenever a planet or large star is seen near the moon, seafaring men prognosticate boisterous weather, for, to use their terms, "A big star is dodging the moon." Many other superstitious fancies are associated with the moon's supposed influence on the weather, varying, of course, in different localities. Thus a clear moon is generally believed to augur bright weather in summer and frost in winter.

The moon's eclipse has been from the earliest times held as ominous, just as un-

lucky for lawful enterprises as suitable for evil designs. Milton's description of this translucent reason will occur to most readers:

"As when the sun new rises,  
Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shore of his beams, and swims behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations."

The Romans supposed the moon's eclipse was the result of magical charms, to dispel which they had recourse to the sounding of brass instruments. Shakespeare, also, in his *Tempest*, mentions notions of witches being able to influence the moon: "His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon."

The Chinese believe that during eclipses of the moon and sun these heavenly bodies are attacked by a mighty serpent, to drive which away they beat their gongs and brass drums—an opinion shared by the Turks. I shall close by citing, perhaps, the moon-struck superstition connected with the moon. This was a conception of the moon, an inanimate, shapeless mass, supposed to be engendered by the influence of the moon. Thus, in the *Tempest*, "Trinculo," thinking Caliban "a moon-calf," says: "I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine." Drayton's mooncalf, in his poem so named, is there supposed to be produced by the moon's light and engendered by an incubus. It is intended as a satire on the fashionable man of his time. But we have a better mooncalf than Drayton's in the modern dude.

## FIRST OF THE SEASON.

And Now Comes a Christmas Story with Snowflakes in Its Whiskers.

Since the time is rapidly approaching when the demand for Christmas stories will be heavy, the following skeleton story is offered to you, a Nebraska paper for the benefit of young authors who may be a specialty of that kind of literature, but who frequently run short of material on which to base their anecdotes.

"It was Christmas eve. 'Darkness had fallen over the cheerless earth and the white snowflakes descended in monotonous swirls, driven like feathers here and there by the north wind, that moaned drearily through the branches of the leafless trees.

"But what cared Peter Thomson and his busy-faced children for the cold and tempest without? Drawing their chairs closer to the cheerful hearth they watched the glowing rays twisting into weird, fantastic shapes, and the howl of the wind without only made the scene more comfortable within.

"Suddenly little Wilhelm broke the dreamy silence by saying:

"Papa, tell us something about our little sister, will you?"

"A tear trickled down Mr. Thomson's bronzed face and lost itself in his whiskers. 'Ah, well, my children,' he said, 'I suppose I may. What thought it reminds me to speak of one who is lost to us forever.'

"Four years ago tonight our little Clementine Genevieve Cleopatra Evelina disappeared at a ray of light that gladdens our heart for a time and fades away like a shadow. She was but 4 years old, and as beautiful as ever mortal could be. There had been a strolling band of gypsies in the neighborhood for some time, and Clementine's childish fancy was attracted by them.

"It was a balmy night for a Christmas eve, and our little darling had been playing in the yard. When I went to look for her she was gone. Oh, that night of anguish, my children, when I searched for her, but in vain! Day after day my suffering heart urged me to seek and I sought, but I never found her. Through the bleak, cheerless years I have waited for the coming of her feet, but they don't seem to come to any alarming extent.

"I fear that we may never again look upon her sweet face until the dread day when the heavens are rolled together as a scroll and the wicked endeavor to continue their cases until the next term of court. Alexander, pass the smoking tobacco and let the cat alone, or I'll break your back!"

"The father's voice was broken as he told the melancholy tale, and great beads of perspiration stood upon his pallid brow. Hardly had he ceased speaking before a light tapping was heard at the door. Mr. Thomson opened the door and beheld the slight, shivering form of a little girl, who, thinly clad and miserable, begged him to buy a box of matches. At that sight she might carry the money home to her sick mother, who hadn't eaten anything for a month.

"'Avant,' cried Mr. Thomson, sternly, 'I want no loitering beggars here.'

"He slammed the door in her face and returned to his seat by the fire. He looked at his own happy children and then he thought of the poor match girl, whose pale, pinched face and appealing blue eyes seemed to be before him now. What would her Christmas day be like? Would there be warmth and comfort for her? Would there be a cozy hearth for her to nestle by?"

"Alas! no! There would be cold and suffering and misery; there would be hunger and penury and sickness. There would be sobs rather than smiles. Where had he seen that gentle, drawn, suffering face before? Could it be—No! Madness! True, his lost darling had blue eyes like this girl's eyes, but—

"Agitated by a hundred emotions the father left his seat, and putting on his great coat, told the children that he must go away for an hour. Then he went out into the darkness and the storm. The north wind bit his cheek and blew the blinding snow into his eyes. But what was that to the rack of conscience, the torture of remorse? Had little Clementine been cold and suffering and misery; there would be hunger and penury and sickness. There would be sobs rather than smiles. Where had he seen that gentle, drawn, suffering face before? Could it be—No! Madness! True, his lost darling had blue eyes like this girl's eyes, but—

"On, on he strode, where the gas lamps threw their flickering glare upon the drifted snow; on through dark, fog alleys and squalid streets where was the abode of vice. On, though the storm drove louder and the wind eddied and whirled and twisted in his cloud about him. Ah! what is this shivering figure standing in the light of yonder lamp?"

"A bound brought him to her side. He took her little freezing hand in his and chafed it. Hard, dry soles rose from her little bosom, and still, as he bent over her, she held forth her basket of matches.

"Take this, child," he said, in a choking voice, as he thrust a ten-dollar bill into her stiffening fingers. She was not his daughter, but when he looked into her eyes he loved her as though she were.

"Child, child," he said, 'forgive me for what I did tonight. I was so lonely, broken up by the walling and moaning of the wind. Then he said: 'What will you do with this money, little girl?'

"The large blue eyes looked wonderingly into his; the shivering form drew closer, and the storm and wind and snow were forgotten; a flash came over the wan white face, the blue lips quivered a little, and she whispered: 'I'll rush the crows, you bet.'"

A bribe is a sum of money offered to a person which is considered too small to be satisfactory. When it rises to the plane of satisfaction it becomes a retainer.—(Lowell Citizen.)

The most popular drink in the world: Gossip.—[New Haven News.]

## BIRDS IN WINTER.

**HOW THEY CHANGE THEIR PLUMAGE WITH THE SEASON.**

Nature's Great Adaptability to Climate and Surroundings Exemplified—The Downy Dress Thicker in Cold Weather than in Warm.

The cold hand of winter, "down East," not only cuts down the late lingering flowers, and scatters the few last leaves upon the woodland path, but leaves the white print of icy fingers on the very plumage of the birds. The feathers of some, such as the snow bunting, he touches lightly here and there with a few flakes of early snow. Others, like the ptarmigan, whose sober coloring has all through the summer matched so well the browns and grays of the heather and the lichen of her home among the mountains, he clothes with a dress as white as the very snow drifts.

Highland bird, not being found in England at all, says the London News. In other countries, where not strictly arctic is its range, it frequents mountainous districts generally at a great height above sea-level. The white birds conspicuous in our winter markets are chiefly willow grouse. They are larger than ptarmigan, and are without the black stripe which crosses the eye of that bird. Although there are but few species whose garb is thus completely altered in the winter season, there are many in whose plumage a marked change takes place, and less conspicuous coloring. The linnet, for example, loses the vivid tints of crimson from his glossy crown, the flush of carmine from his delicate breast. And the twittering companies which fly over the winter stubble are, indeed, compared with their appearance early in the year, when the golden sunsets, each on the top of his favorite furze bush, fill the air with sweet snatches of mellow song. It is, indeed, in the spring, in the pairing time, that birds are at their best and brightest:

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the cheeks of the warblers, and the blue of the spring warbler is a deeper blue than the blue of the winter warbler."

When the broods have flown given the change in appearance. There is also a winter thickening of the feathers as a defense against the cold. A series of careful observations, made under the idea that one cause of migration might be that some birds possessed warmer blood than others, seemed merely to show that birds of powerful flight have a higher blood heat than less active species. The swift, for example, measures no less than 107 degrees Fahr., but that was no more than could be said of the green woodpecker. At the approach of winter the oyster catcher—plain enough to be seen at all times—becomes a winter bird, and his bright red beak, as he wanders the beach at low water, making himself still plainer by his strange cry—gets himself a white band across his dusky breast. Several of the plovers and sandpipers lose their dark and conspicuous markings. The phalarope, whose summer attire is faced with red, comes to our shores in the suit of white and gray. All these and many other changes, seen at their extreme in the ptarmigan, are no doubt meant as aids to concealment in a bare and wintry landscape.

It was well said by Bewick that at a little distance the woodcock appears "exactly like the withered stalks and leaves of fern, sticks, moss and grasses, which form the background of which it is sheltered in the moist and solitary retreats."

Another bird of particularly quiet and inconspicuous plumage is the nightjar. A shy and retiring visitor, a very rare arrival from the South, she goes far afield to find a place where she may bring up her family in quiet and security; and when the lie close among the stones of the hillside, or the dry grass of the upland pasture, screened by tall clumps of bracken, she is hardly distinguishable from the ground. It is a red-tiger day in the life of the young naturalist, when, for the first time, he rushes a nightjar from her eggs. With a sound of her wings she glides noiselessly away with apparent diffidence, and settles on a neighboring tree, whence, perched along instead of across the bough, she watches the proceedings of the intruder. Should he follow her, fancying her to be lame or unable to fly, she will lure him on like a sparrow. But if he has kept his eyes on her, she will rise from him and be sufficiently enough to find at his feet, laid on the bare ground without a feather or a stray ray of nest, those two exquisite eggs, like white marble veined with soft shades of gray, which will rank among the fairest prizes in his cabinet.

The color of the lapwing is not much of a protection to her, but her eggs are often hard to find on the burnt grass with which they harmonize so well. All around are the brown stretches of the moor, or, perhaps, the breezy level of the old Roman camp. High overhead, against the blue April sky, sail the "wanton" lapwings on broad and whistling pinions. Now they turn over and over in the air, now they sweep down close at hand, now they alight at a distance and make believe to be visiting their eggs. Now they fly round with shrill cries of lament and protestation, leader and more vehement as the steps of the intruder approach the longed-for nest. Finally they accompany him to the ground, exulting in his defeat and their escape from plunder.

The comparatively sober color of hen birds in general is no doubt to protect them from observation while sitting on their eggs. The cock bird always takes care of himself. Who has ever known the glossy mallard, or the handsome elder, stand by his wife and family at the approach of danger? He is off at once, while the hen brood into a place of safety. Just as decorative plumage and simple reaches its highest pitch in the adornment of the birds of paradise, so the extreme of contrast is here presented between the male and female. It is not twenty-five years since Mr. Wallace, the eminent bird of paradise, the emerald bird of paradise delighted the eyes of visitors to the London Zoological Gardens. Most of us have to be content with the skins alone; and even then dried and distorted as the finest specimens must always be, few objects in Nature will bear comparison with their marvelous beauty. The soft and delicate tones of the emerald, the emerald throat, the yellow crown, the rich brown of the wings and tail, the wonder of the flowing plumes which fall round the living bird like a shower of gold—all these render the great and lesser birds of paradise two of the finest gems in the vast treasure-house of Nature. This description applies to the male alone; for the female is of a plain and sober brown—uniform enough to satisfy the soul of the prim Quakeress of the ancient school. Birds which lay their eggs in holes are less exposed to danger, and the difference between male and female, if it exist at all, is much less strongly marked.

The green wood-pecker is a case in point. He is a handsome bird. Although the bright color of his forehead's dress harmonizes very well with the tone of his haunt among the orchards, and although his solitary warbling keeps him mostly out of sight, yet once observed, his crimson crest and yellow-orange, or catch the eye in a moment. And his wife, except for an extra patch of yellow on her cheek, is as gay as he. She and her brood, however, in their hollowed home deep in the heart of a tree, are safe from the keen eye of prowling weasel or marauding hawk, and need no protection from subdued coloring. The kingfisher, another hole-breeder, is more brilliant still; and here, again, the hen bird vies with her mate in the brightness of her colors. Under a glass case, perched stiffly on a twig in the bird-stuffer's regard as a natural attitude, he is rather an ungainly object. But in his haunt by the sylvan stream he is the eye of the picture; the finishing touch to the landscape. The little river wanders through rich meadows, that in summer are bright with purple spikes of loose strife, and the golden wings of the flowers of lucas. There is a few ferns and a few bridges. Dark alders lean over the banks; forests of tall sedges cluster lovingly around the roots of the gray willow trees. There is no sound but the drone of the old Norman mill and the splash of water over the ancient wheel, or now and then the cry of a grebe in the great sycamore, or the leap of a trout, or the plunge of a water rat. It is a place "Where timid rail and moonish heron lie To the tutted edge by the river side; Where dusky coot with careless eye The silver plovers drift idly o'er; Where gray heron looks silent down On the trout that flash through the shadows brown."

Where very marsh-flowers stoop to lave Their golden bells in the whirling wave. Suddenly, from his unseen station—a flash of blue light along the brown water—darts a kingfisher. Down he goes: there is a gleam of red and azure among the silver of the scattered spray; then, with a minnow glittering in his beak, he goes back to his perch on the low bough hanging over the water, to beat the life out of his prey before swallowing it. Or maybe he carries off to the steep bank below the weir, where, half hidden by ferns and trailing ivy, and screened by the great elms which join hands across the stream, his expectant brood stands up like stars at the mouth of their hole, scream a chorus of impatience and delight at the appearance of dinner.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

Report of a Committee of the Philosophical Society on Volapuk.

A committee of the American Philosophical Society was appointed last October to examine into the scientific value of Volapuk, the new universal language. In the vasty increased rapidity of interchange of thought in modern times, the report says that some general medium of intercommunication would be welcome is unquestioned. Wherever there are close commercial relations, and where men are speaking different tongues, such media are sure to arise from the necessities of daily life. Thus the Lingua Franca in the Mediterranean and "pigeon English" in the Chinese ports are dialects which have sprung out of the urgency of business needs. These mixed languages are called "jargons" and have a very high interest to the scientific linguist, as illustrating the principles of the evolution of human speech. The English language is a jargon of marked type, and illustrates what was stated by W. von Humboldt early in this century, that from such crossings and mingling of tongues are developed the most literary and philosophic languages of the world. This consideration shows that in adopting or framing a universal language we need not hesitate to mold it from quite diverse linguistic sources.

The presence of a number of these jargons in different parts of the world testifies to the necessity of some one simple form of discourse which could be of general adoption. Another and higher testimony to the same effect is the need, now frequently and loudly expressed, for a uniform terminology in the sciences. For many years it has been urged, both in this country and in Europe, that the neologisms (new terms) required by the sciences be derived, according to a uniform plan, from the Greek, and that those heretofore obtained from Greek or Latin be brought into one general form. There is no practical difficulty about this, except that which arises from the Chauvinism of some nations, which are blinded by egotism or narrow notions to the welfare of the world. Nowhere is this Chauvinism more manifest than in Germany, a country once noted for its cosmopolitan sympathies. Its medical teachers, for example, have of late studiously dismissed the terms of their science derived from the Latin and Greek, in order to substitute in their place long, awkward and inharmonious Germanic compounds. No effort at a uniform international scientific terminology can be successful if the learned in each nation be governed by national prepossessions.

The commercial and traveling world demands one tongue only, in addition of course, to that which its members learn in infancy, a tongue facile to acquire, and adaptable to their peculiar wants. The time is not far off when one system of weights, measures and coinage, one division of time, one plan of electrical measurement, one code of international law, one mode of quarantine and sanitation, one costume, will prevail throughout the civilized world, and along with this unification of action and will come a unification of speech. It is not only desirable, it is certain to arrive, and as beings of intelligent self-consciousness, looking before as well as after, it becomes us to employ our faculties to direct the course of events so that this one universal language be not left to blind chance, but be framed and adopted of deliberate choice and with wisest consideration.

Glossary.

Twenty-five miles from Los Angeles and 13 miles from Pasadena, on the direct line of the California Central and on the proposed line of the Southern Pacific, and lying in the eastern extremity of San Gabriel Valley, directly at the foot of "Old Baldy," the crowning peak of the Sierra Madre.

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well with the tone of his haunt among the orchards, and although his solitary warbling keeps him mostly out of sight, yet once observed, his crimson crest and yellow-orange, or catch the eye in a moment. And his wife, except for an extra patch of yellow on her cheek, is as gay as he. She and her brood, however, in their hollowed home deep in the heart of a tree, are safe from the keen eye of prowling weasel or marauding hawk, and need no protection from subdued coloring. The kingfisher, another hole-breeder, is more brilliant still; and here, again, the hen bird vies with her mate in the brightness of her colors. Under a glass case, perched stiffly on a twig in the bird-stuffer's regard as a natural attitude, he is rather an ungainly object. But in his haunt by the sylvan stream he is the eye of the picture; the finishing touch to the landscape. The little river wanders through rich meadows, that in summer are bright with purple spikes of loose strife, and the golden wings of the flowers of lucas. There is a few ferns and a few bridges. Dark alders lean over the banks; forests of tall sedges cluster lovingly around the roots of the gray willow trees. There is no sound but the drone of the old Norman mill and the splash of water over the ancient wheel, or now and then the cry of a grebe in the great sycamore, or the leap of a trout, or the plunge of a water rat. It is a place "Where timid rail and moonish heron lie To the tutted edge by the river side; Where dusky coot with careless eye The silver plovers drift idly o'er; Where gray heron looks silent down On the trout that flash through the shadows brown."

Where very marsh-flowers stoop to lave Their golden bells in the whirling wave. Suddenly, from his unseen station—a flash of blue light along the brown water—darts a kingfisher. Down he goes: there is a gleam of red and azure among the silver of the scattered spray; then, with a minnow glittering in his beak, he goes back to his perch on the low bough hanging over the water, to beat the life out of his prey before swallowing it. Or maybe he carries off to the steep bank below the weir, where, half hidden by ferns and trailing ivy, and screened by the great elms which join hands across the stream, his expectant brood stands up like stars at the mouth of their hole, scream a chorus of impatience and delight at the appearance of dinner.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

Report of a Committee of the Philosophical Society on Volapuk.

A committee of the American Philosophical Society was appointed last October to examine into the scientific value of Volapuk, the new universal language. In the vasty increased rapidity of interchange of thought in modern times, the report says that some general medium of intercommunication would be welcome is unquestioned. Wherever there are close commercial relations, and where men are speaking different tongues, such media are sure to arise from the necessities of daily life. Thus the Lingua Franca in the Mediterranean and "pigeon English" in the Chinese ports are dialects which have sprung out of the urgency of business needs. These mixed languages are called "jargons" and have a very high interest to the scientific linguist, as illustrating the principles of the evolution of human speech. The English language is a jargon of marked type, and illustrates what was stated by W. von Humboldt early in this century, that from such crossings and mingling of tongues are developed the most literary and philosophic languages of the world. This consideration shows that in adopting or framing a universal language we need not hesitate to mold it from quite diverse linguistic sources.

The presence of a number of these jargons in different parts of the world testifies to the necessity of some one simple form of discourse which could be of general adoption. Another and higher testimony to the same effect is the need, now frequently and loudly expressed, for a uniform terminology in the sciences. For many years it has been urged, both in this country and in Europe, that the neologisms (new terms) required by the sciences be derived, according to a uniform plan, from the Greek, and that those heretofore obtained from Greek or Latin be brought into one general form. There is no practical difficulty about this, except that which arises from the Chauvinism of some nations, which are blinded by egotism or narrow notions to the welfare of the world. Nowhere is this Chauvinism more manifest than in Germany, a country once noted for its cosmopolitan sympathies. Its medical teachers, for example, have of late studiously dismissed the terms of their science derived from the Latin and Greek, in order to substitute in their place long, awkward and inharmonious Germanic compounds. No effort at a uniform international scientific terminology can be successful if the learned in each nation be governed by national prepossessions.

The commercial and traveling world demands one tongue only, in addition of course, to that which its members learn in infancy, a tongue facile to acquire, and adaptable to their peculiar wants. The time is not far off when one system of weights, measures and coinage, one division of time, one plan of electrical measurement, one code of international law, one mode of quarantine and sanitation, one costume, will prevail throughout the civilized world, and along with this unification of action and will come a unification of speech. It is not only desirable, it is certain to arrive, and as beings of intelligent self-consciousness, looking before as well as after, it becomes us to employ our faculties to direct the course of events so that this one universal language be not left to blind chance, but be framed and adopted of deliberate choice and with wisest consideration.

Glossary.

Twenty-five miles from Los Angeles and 13 miles from Pasadena, on the direct line of the California Central and on the proposed line of the Southern Pacific, and lying in the eastern extremity of San Gabriel Valley, directly at the foot of "Old Baldy," the crowning peak of the Sierra Madre.

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**The Times.**

BY THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. OTIS,  
 President and General Manager.  
 ALBERT MCFAHLE,  
 Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary.  
 W. A. SPALDING, Secretary.

"The Times" has a larger bona fide circulation than any other newspaper published in Southern California.

The Chronicle thinks that Cleveland cannot abandon Buffalo as his place of residence without danger of being hoodwinked.

CHICAGO is a good enough place for the National Republican Convention. The thing of most consequence is the candidate. A good one will be a winning one.

RUSSIA wants money, and she will have to go to Paris for it and pay dearly. The money-bags of Berlin are closed against the claws and clutches of the *oso grande del norte*.

TUTT! TUTT! Here is the Philadelphia Times (Dem.) denouncing the Boston Post (Dem.) as "a delectable Boobyism," and all because of a little disagreement on the tariff.

With a Democratic majority of only 43 in Democratic figures, Virginia is likely at any time to drop out of the solid South. The old song says, "Old Virginia never tire," but that was away back. She seems to be growing very tired, indeed—tired of the Bourbon Democracy.

The Hartford Courant thinks it is somewhat interesting to observe that our own esteemed United States Government prints the words "Printed Matter" on its own official envelopes; but that if John Smith does the same thing the intelligent Postmaster General declares it illegal.

SPEAKING of the location of the Soldiers' Home, in the Northern Citrus Belt, likewise in the City of Bayonetville, General Disatisfaction is said to be in command; but in Los Angeles county General Satisfaction holds the fort. And we've got the soldiers and the Soldiers' Home. Sabote?

The striking seamen at San Pedro are in the wrong, and the authorities should see to it that the business of the port is not permitted to suffer in consequence of the lawlessness of these malcontents. The man who will not work should be made to stand aside for the man who will.

The Springfield Republican recalls the interesting but half-forgotten fact that Hiram H. Revels, and not Blanche K. Bruce, as often stated, was the first colored man who ever sat in the United States Senate. Mr. Revels took his seat in the second session of the Forty-first Congress as Senator from Mississippi, occupying the seat vacated by Jefferson Davis.

The third party Prohibition vote in Pennsylvania has fallen from 32,458 in 1880 to 18,471 this year. The reason appears to be that the strong position of the Republican party on high license has satisfied a great many temperance voters who might otherwise have voted with the Prohibitionists. We wish the Los Angeles Prohibitionists were of the Pennsylvania sort.

The Chicago pronunciamento and the incidents which attended the trial of Johann Most are rather discouraging for those persons who expected the anarchistic agitation to die out peacefully. It will die, not from any mistaken tolerance, but from the manifold efforts of all good Americans to crush it. Every day that passes emphasizes the offensive foreignness of anarchy, and makes the campaign against it more and more a patriotic one.

ONE of our gentlemanly and popular gamblers yesterday circulated a "card" on the streets correcting a "mistake" which he alleges has been made relative to the location of his industry. He politely announces the true location of his "stand," and inferentially invites all old customers and many new ones to call upon him, where they will find him attending strictly to business and furnishing his wares at the lowest price for cash. This gentleman is an honest and industrious gambler, reaping the fruits of his toil, and he has no gall—none whatever.

The Chicago Tribune having printed the statement—credited to Col. Babcock—that Gen. Grant did not desire so high a place as colonel in 1861, two correspondents of the Washington Star came to the front and refute the statement completely. Grant applied first to the President for a colonel's commission, and subsequently to the Governor of Illinois. When asked by the latter's Adjutant-General, Tom Mathers, "What can you do?" Grant promptly and confidently replied: "I can organize and command an army!" And he made his claim good.

## POINTS OF THE MORNING'S NEWS.

A train robbed near Texarkana... Attempted assassination of Jules Ferry... San Jose people freed by a clever crook... Attempt to wreck a train on the Pacific Coast Railway... A Washington (D. C.) restaurant keeper fined for refusing to serve a colored man... Severe storms on the Northern Pacific Coast... Provisions of the bill for increasing Germany's military strength... Ellopiement at Fresno... Trucks celebrate the boycott against Chinese... Serious cave-in at the Calumet and Hecla mine... Arrests for election frauds at Columbus, O... Narrow escape of an actress from a burning building at Sheepshead Bay... Counterfeiters arrested in Utah... McCord's case given to the jury... Events on the turf... The death penalty in Texas... Baltimore and Ohio's attempt to land twenty-seven Chinese women at San Francisco... Yesterday's base-ball games... Placer county to send an exhibit to Los Angeles... Murder at San Francisco... Changes in the Senate committee... The fishery negotiation adjourned to January 4th... Yaqui outrages in Sonora, Mexico.

## The Courage of Citizenship.

Men have never been found wanting in any age, or in any country ruled by civilization, who were not ready, if the necessity existed, to lay down their lives for their country. The love of country is inborn like the love of home. An exalted spirit of self-sacrifice inspires the true soldier upon the field of battle. He looks upon his individual life as a thing not to be taken into account when considered in connection with the more important question of national preservation. The pomp and the ceremony of war; the consciousness that the eye of his country is upon him; the excitement of battle; the spirit of antagonism that is aroused by the sight of opposing forces, all nerve him to act boldly in the strife, ready for any emergency, and resigned to any fate.

In a time of war the thought that the sympathies of the country are with its armies, and that its liberties are placed in the hand of the soldier for defense and perpetuation, gives him comfort and strength for the struggle. All the considerations that make life sacred appeal to him and urge him to faithfulness and courage. The soldier, fighting upon the field of conflict, is the incarnation of a principle. Every blow that he wields is the personification of an active idea which gives strength to his arm and force to his will.

It is a question worthy of a moment's consideration, whether every citizen who would stand unhesitatingly ready to serve and defend his country in time of war is prepared to serve her with equal readiness and fidelity in time of peace.

We assume that a more self-sacrificing and intelligent patriotism is often necessary for such service in civil life than is called for upon the field of battle. The best that there is in man is required to, at all times, faithfully experience the duties of citizenship; to fight the steady battle with wrong-doing and the abuse of party power; to be a watchful and vigilant sentinel against the aggressions of evil. A man, to be a faithful citizen must be fortified by conscience and armed with the strength of a moral courage and conviction that will listen to no terms of surrender.

The good citizen will not allow his actions to be determined by the opinions of others. He will refuse to have anything to do with the party "machine," and will defend his individual right to decide his own course of action in accordance with his own private judgment.

It requires courage to attack abuses existing within one's own party; to expose treachery and to assail men whom the party or its managers put forward as candidates for the party's support. But there is no duty that is more imperative than to exalt principle above party and to expose the wrong wherever it is found. The field for patriotism is not always open upon national arenas; it is often within the limits of one's own State, or even within the narrower boundaries of his own municipality.

The importance of his duty in these home elections the honest and intelligent citizen will not fail to recognize. Into these smaller circles of political strife corruption, in its worst form, is no less liable to creep than into the more extended arena of national affairs. Vigilance and watchfulness are as much a duty as is soldierly courage. Determined opposition to the party "machine" and the party "boss," who would make his *ipse dixit* his political law, and who always stands ready to raise the cry of "mugwump" and "traitor" whenever you refuse to follow his lead, or allow your vote to be cast at his dictum, is the duty of every man who would honestly exercise his right of citizenship.

The party "boss" and the "machine" are both of them the instruments of corruption. They are not needed for the right and proper control of political affairs, and the man who throws them down and seeks to overthrow them is doing his country a loyal service as is the soldier who goes forth to fight the enemies of his country on the field of carnage.

Not alone upon bloody fields are the battles of the Republic to be fought. Not alone with musket and cannon, where banners wave and shot and shell rain deadly hail, are the liberties of the Republic to be protected. Upon a stronger power than this, a mightier engine of warfare, does Freedom rely, even the honest votes of her loyal citizens who refuse to let another's conscience answer for them, or any power but that of their own individual will, influenced by a devotion to duty, control their political conduct.

THERE is consternation and rage among the brethren at San Francisco over the location of the Soldiers' Home in Los Angeles county. The Chronicle records the pulse of the disgruntled

portion of the populace under the following headlines: "Veterans Home—General Disatisfaction at the Result—Santa Monica Unpopular—How the Board's Decision May Affect the Property at Yountville." Several of the disappointed brethren have been interviewed, and they one and all, with solemn visages, pronounce their unalterable opinion that the Board of Managers "made a mistake" when they located the new home in Los Angeles county. Some didn't believe the news; others thought the telegram was a trick of some Los Angeles "boomer," and all were lacerated in their feelings over the decision. This is sad, and very natural; but it can't be helped, and there is no sense in the disappointed northerner kicking against the pricks. The decision of the managers was made after a fair and full investigation of all the offers made in all parts of the State. That decision was influenced partly by the exceeding liberality of the offer made here, and largely by the manifest and manifold advantages that Los Angeles county possesses for the purpose. The various interviews published by the Chronicle include the opinions of James A. Waymire, president of the Veterans' Home Association; Secretary Rockwell, Gen. E. S. Salomon, Department Commander of the Grand Army, and E. R. Merriman, a director of the Veterans' Home Association. This gentleman's utterances on the subject were characterized by more sense and reason than any of the others, and so we reprint what he said:

"In my opinion the National Board made a blunder, but the people of San Francisco made a greater blunder. It was the liberality of the Los Angeles citizens alone which secured for them the prize. It is easier to raise \$100 among the citizens of Southern California than 10 cents in San Francisco on a proposition of public-spirited nature. The loss of the home is slight to San Francisco. She can stand it. Her greatest loss is the loss of the people coming to the State, that Southern California is the choice spot, the garden of the whole State, the only place where the best things famous in California may be found. The population of other States will be attracted there, and will not visit the northern and western States. Los Angeles could not get a better advertisement even if the ingenuity of the sharpest advance agent of the State show were taxed to its utmost. If \$100,000 had been raised among the citizens of San Francisco, I think the Laundry Farm location of 300 acres would have been accepted as the site. San Francisco, however, laid simply on her back, too confident of victory, and the result is her smaller sister walks off with the palm that was emulating the eyesight of the busy metropolis. I have been recently over the ground selected, and I do not think the land good. It will not grow either oranges or peas. What the soldiers want is a home they can cultivate. Such a place is the next part which ought to have been selected. That place would have been self-supporting in five years. Last year the home made \$1500 with its garden, and I believe this cultivation might be increased till 500 tons a year were produced."

Gen. Salomon said:

"The local board cannot transfer the property. If they attempt to give Yountville to the National Board, providing that board selects Santa Monica or any other place, it attempts to circumvent the State, and it is within fifteen minutes of their determination to do so, sue out an injunction to prevent the transfer, until the next meeting of the encampment, to get the sense of that body."

That is all right; before the encampment meets this talk of an injunction will have been forgotten, and when the brethren get cured of their temporary soreness they will all settle down to a sensible acceptance of the situation, and by the time work is ready to begin on the Los Angeles branch, all hands and the company cook will conclude that Los Angeles county is, of all spots on the globe, the spot par excellence for the Pacific Coast Branch Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers.

Let us have peace; likewise the home.

SMALLPOX exists in San Francisco, but there is no how against the city in consequence, and there should be none. The same with Los Angeles in case the disease reappears here. Let us have more exhibitions of common sense, in that event, than were seen last year.

The comfortable salary of \$25,000 per annum is what Samuel Spencer, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, gathers in. He beats his predecessor, just \$21,000, and is neck and neck with the President of the United States in former times.

A COWBOY attempted to ride his horse into a saloon at Winslow, Ariz., and was shot dead by the proprietor. Your bucking Arizona saloonist is particular about the kind of animal he admits into his sanctum. He draws the line at the tiger.

The attempted assassination of Jules Ferry was the sensation of yesterday in Paris. The French statesman's time to ferry over the Dark River had not come, and so he did not go aboard the assassin's craft.

WHEN Russia mobilizes four army corps it looks as though the great Northern Bear was preparing to chew things.

AMUSEMENTS.

AT THE GRAND—Natural Gas was turned off last night, after burning brightly and successfully for a week. Milton and Dollie Nobles will hold the boards this week with an interesting repertoire, beginning tomorrow night with *From Fire to Son*.

AT THE PAVILION—The Webster-Brady Company open their return engagement next Saturday evening, December 17th, at Hazard's Pavilion, in the good old Irish drama *Lights o' London*. W. A. Thorpy, the manager of the company, arrived yesterday, and reported the business on the coast as being the largest one by any dramatic attraction for a long time, and all the managers in towns where the company played since they here have requested a return engagement from this company. Following the production of the *Lights o' London*, the long-talked of *She* will make a first appearance to the Los Angeles public.

A San Diego View of It.  
 (San.)  
 The election at Los Angeles has resulted in the defeat of almost the entire Republican ticket, and this result has come not because there are more Democrats than Republicans in the city, but because a large wing of the Republicans set up a partisan Prohibition ticket of their own and voted that ticket blindly, regardless of consequences. And the consequences are that the best friends of temperance and order are defeated, while the saloon element slips into control. How long this sort of thing will continue remains to be discovered.

## PACIFIC COAST.

## Miscreants Attempt to Wreck a Train.

## A Terrible Disaster Averted by a Watchful Section Foreman.

## An Alleged "Wild West" Agent Victimizes San Jose People.

Placer County Preparing to Put Northern Citrus Belt Products on Exhibition in Los Angeles

A Counterfeiter's Den in Utah Broken Up—Coast Notes.

By Telegram to The Times.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, Dec. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The wrecking of a south bound train on the Pacific Coast Railway was narrowly prevented tonight by the fortunate discovery by Section Foreman Guley, a mile north of Los Olivos, of three pieces of iron, each over a foot long, two sticks of hard wood and a bent rail arranged on the track near what is known as "Big Cut." The plot to wreck the train was detected just in time to prevent an accident. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

## A CLEVER CROOK.

## How He Fleeced San Jose Tradesmen—His Doings Elsewhere.

SAN JOSE, Dec. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] Harry L. Vanderbilt was arrested here this afternoon, while representing himself as the advance agent of Sullivan's Wild West show, for procuring money on false pretenses. His method was to offer to give contracts for butchers' and other supplies to the county at an advance on the prices charged him, providing he was paid a certain amount, part down and the balance when the bills for supplies were collected. He succeeded in victimizing several parties before he was arrested. He admitted having been in Stockton recently, and, in response to a message sent, a reply was received that he had tried the same game there and failed, and that his photograph had been taken by the police. He was discharged in June, 1888. From newspaper clippings in his possession, it is believed that he has been in Los Angeles and other southern towns under the same business. He claims to be the duly authorized agent for Sullivan's show. He is a gold-headed cane and an umbrella with the monogram "H. L. V." which he says was presented to him by W. F. Cody, whom he formerly served as manager.

## A NICE NEST.

## A Counterfeiter's Den Raided—Two Crooked Coiners Captured.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The Examiner's special from Salt Lake says: Acting on information received from a soldier named Bussey, the U. S. Marshal, United States Marshal Salt, Thursday night arrested Ted Maynes, keeper of a second-hand goods store, for offering to sell Bussey a quantity of counterfeit money which he said he could procure. Subsequent investigations led to the arrest of John Eckart, said to be one of the most expert counterfeiters in the West, and who has just completed a sentence in the penitentiary for counterfeiting. He lived with Mrs. Maynes, who kept a saloon at San Francisco. When the officers surrounded the place Eckart begged that they would not search the place, saying that he would rather plead guilty at once. The place was searched, however, but some rods and castings and a lot of gold and silver foil were all that were seized. Eckart and Maynes are in the penitentiary. Mrs. Brightmore, who has served a term for grand larceny, and a number of soldiers who are in the penitentiary, are held as witnesses, to appear next week.

## STORM TOSSED.

## Vessels in the Northern Pacific Having a Rough Time.

PORT TOWNSEND (Wash.), Dec. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The steamer Idaho, bar-bound over for a week at the mouth of the Columbia River, arrived here this afternoon on her way to Alaska.

The steamer A. B. Field, belonging to the salmon cannery at Nestucca, Or., arrived this morning after an exceedingly rough voyage. Most of her fuel had to be thrown overboard to lighten the vessel, and when she was all gone the furniture and cabin itself and a partition between the engine room and galley were cut up and used. Sails were torn, and the vessel was in a state of disrepair. The gale finally moderated so as to allow making Neah Bay harbor, where supplies were obtained.

## PLACER'S PLAN.

## Northern Citrus Belt Products to be Exhibited at Los Angeles.

ACBURN, Dec. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] An enthusiastic meeting of the Placer county Board of Trade was held this afternoon. About \$700 was raised by subscriptions for the purpose of sending an exhibit of Placer citrus fruits to Los Angeles at once. More money is guaranteed and a car containing 30,000 oranges and a fine display of lemons, persimmons and other fruit will be sent on Tuesday. A committee from Placer will have charge of the exhibit, and will also take charge of any fruit sent by other northern counties if they desire to make a display.

Ran Down by a Steamer.  
 PORTLAND (Or.), Dec. 10.—A collision is reported in the Straits of Dungeness early Friday morning between the steamer Premier and an unknown sailing vessel. The steamer struck the vessel a glancing blow on the quarter. The vessel seemed to be going in the direction of the steamer. The latter vessel stopped her engines and reversed as quickly as possible, but too late to avoid the collision. The sailing vessel was seen to disappear in the darkness. The extent of the damages is not known.

Notes from Alaska.  
 PORT TOWNSEND (Wash.), Dec. 10.—The steamer Ancon, loaded with four hundred tons of freight, arrived last night from Alaska ports. She reports a rich gold-bearing ledge in the Treadwell mines panning out \$5000 to the ton.

The case of Fuller, charged with murdering Archbishop Seghers, was submitted to the jury forty-eight hours before the Ancon sailed, and they had not reported.

Yaquls and Earthquakes.  
 NOGALES (Ariz.), Dec. 10.—A band of disaffected Yaquls are committing many robberies in the heart of Sonora. Cattle have been run off by them every day of late and sugar-cane fields are devastated in the night.

Earthquakes continue to disturb the entire western part of Mexico and the southern coast. Several slight shocks have been felt here.

## Gave His Daughter Poison.

VICTORIA (B. C.), Dec. 10.—George Price, lately from Portland, yesterday attempted to give his daughter, in the employ of a merchant as a domestic, a large quantity of cantharides inclosed in sweetmeats. A doctor asserts that the dose would have killed or maimed her. He was arrested and remanded. It is not known what his object was.

## Truckee Celebrates.

TRUCKEE, Dec. 10.—Truckee celebrated the second anniversary of the boycott to

night, it having been two years since the movement started. James N. Barry, of San Francisco delivered a stirring address. The largest hall in the town was packed to the fullest capacity. The thermometer was below the freezing point, but a large torchlight procession paraded the streets and counteracted on the ruined site of the old Chinatown. Huge bonfires, the firing of salutes and repeated cheering testified to the enthusiasm of the citizens.

Ellopiement at Fresno.  
 FRESNO, Dec. 10.—Edna Dore, aged 16, daughter of J. S. Dore, founder of the West Park colony, eloped with William Rowe, a young teamster, this evening, and was married. They were arrested by her parents some hours later, and preparations are being made to have the marriage annulled.

A Competing Line Possible.  
 FRESNO, Dec. 10.—At a mass-meeting to-night parties made a proposition to build a new railroad if the people wanted it. The people offered to give all aid possible, and the competing line with the Southern Pacific from Stockton to Stockton is within the possibilities.

Not the Night Man.  
 NEVADA, Dec. 10.—The man supposed to be Thorne, the fugitive highwayman, who was captured yesterday evening, proves to be William Bryan, just discharged from the County Hospital.

Newspaper Sold.  
 WALLA WALLA, Dec. 10.—The Daily Journal has been sold to Charles Besserer. The price is stated to have been \$5000. All the present proprietors will retire.

## WASHINGTON.

Changes in Chairmanships of Senate Committees—Restaurant Man Fined for Violation of Civil Rights Bill.

By Telegram to The Times.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The following are the principal changes in the chairmanships of the Senate Committees: Palmer, Agriculture and Forestry; Hale, Census; Chase, Civil Service and Retrenchment; Frye, Commerce; Quay, Estimates of the Several Branches of the Civil Service; Fallie, Expenditure of Public Money; Stockbridge, Fisheries; Paddock, Improvement of the Mississippi River; Hawley, Military Affairs; Stewart, Mines and Mining; Teller, Patents; Mitchell, Indian Affairs; Routes to the Seaboard; Wilson of Iowa, Revision of Laws; Aldrich, Rules; Platt, Territories; Stanford, Public Buildings and Grounds; Sablin, Land and Natural Resources; Constitution and Discovery of America; Chandler, Indian Traders; Davis, Pensioners; Sherman, Penitentiaries.

Dolph takes Harrison's place on the Committee on Foreign Relations; Bowen, Mitchell and Quay take the places of Conger, Wilson and Mahon on the Committee on Post-Offices and Postroads. The Democrats received eight minor chairmanships. The House of Representatives has been reorganized. The list has been handed to Beck, chairman of the Democratic caucus, who called a caucus for Monday.

FISHERY NEGOTIATIONS ADJOURNED.  
 The fishery negotiators, after a few hours' session today adjourned until Wednesday, January 4th. Sir Charles Tupper will leave Washington tomorrow for Winnipeg, where he will meet Lady Tupper and the two will proceed to Ottawa. Joseph Chamberlain will leave Washington on Monday for Ottawa, where he will visit Lord Lansdowne during the holiday.

QUARANTINE PRECAUTIONS.  
 Surgeon General Hamilton denies that the Marine Hospital Bureau has permitted a removal of quarantine from vessels coming from cholera ports. He, on the contrary, says that the bureau is making sanitary reports show the necessity of precautions in the case of vessels coming from Southern Italy.

A Shaky Insurance Company.  
 HARTFORD (Conn.), Dec. 10.—Application was made today for a receiver to wind up the Continental Life Insurance Company, which on January 1st had \$9,000,000 in liabilities and \$500,000 assets.

An Opium Victim.  
 PORTLAND (Or.), Dec. 10.—The identity of a ravaging maniac who died at the asylum yesterday remains undiscovered. The physicians say his insanity resulted from the excessive use of opium.

Railroads to be Inspected.  
 SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The State Board of Railroad Commissioners today decided to inspect the railroads throughout the State, and will start on the expedition January 3d.

Rolling Mills to Close.  
 JOELT (Ill.), Dec. 10.—The Joel Steel Company has posted notices that its rolling mills will close on December 23d, indefinitely.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

## For Christmas.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 10.—[To the Editor of THE TIMES.] Last Christmas time, an appeal was made to the hearts and homes of Los Angeles—made through one of the daily papers—for toys, story books, etc., for the children living on the lonely ranches of Lower Arizona.

Last summer I visited this same locality, and then discovered that even more than the little children needed toys, the grown people needed books.

Now the only patriarchal, share-without-land, homestead, or homestead on earth of ours is among ranchmen; hence, whatever book is sent from his friends to the ranchman, he will treasure it as a precious possession. But this is slow work, and friends, after all, don't send so many books. They forget, or they don't know, how to select a book, and it is, in a simple way, impossible to it is with never so much money—to have almost the simplest wants supplied.

With the hope, then, of getting a library for this part of Arizona, I wrote, in June, a letter to the New York Tribune, stating the need to the ranchman, and the result would have startled the veriest misanthropist. Books came from everywhere, and subscriptions were sent for magazines and newspapers in reasonable abundance. The other day a young ranchman wrote me—wrote me more ranchman than after the manner of a Swede or an addition: "You can't have an idea what a treat this is to us fellows. Why, the other day even an old greaser from over the border came in and said, 'I have a book where the books are kept, and said: "Tenez Yaquitos libros en ingles faciles de leer?"

I checked him, Mother Goose and told him to bring it back, or I'd have the whole United States Government rustling after him. But we want all the books you can send us there's nothing like them, especially about Christmas time when a fellow thinks something's the matter with his eyes, as he remembers turkey and mince pie and the stockings—oh, the stockings! And that reminds me, do send some picture books. We've got some little kids about here who don't know anything about the pleasure of that kind of truck. I needn't add more than the assertion that any book from a baby's picture primer to a treatise on political economy, will be received with great gratitude in the community I have spoken of, and it packages can reach them in season to make a little cheer and old-time homeliness for Christmas, all the better. Address J. A. Rockefeller, Dragon, Ariz. Mr. Rockefeller has opened a little school, and is enthusiastically interested in learning. Or, if packages are sent at once to the Orland, Ariz. Third and Fort streets, care of Mr. Whipple, they will be forwarded at once to Dragon, GUADALUPE.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

## A New Phase of the Chinese Slave Trade.

## Writs of Habeas Corpus Disregarded by Collector Hager.

## One of His Deputies Arrested for Resisting Marshal Franks.

McCORD'S Case Given to the Jury—Creighton's Missing Bondsman Permitted Out—Dimehold Held for the Murder of Benhayon—Another Saloon Tragedy.

By Telegram to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] Writs of habeas corpus issued in the United States Circuit Court for twenty-seven Chinese women detained on the steamer City of Peking, which arrived here recently. The writs were given to deputy marshals for service, but Capt. Dearborn of the Peking refused to allow the women to leave the steamer, and said he was acting under orders from Collector Hager.

Judge Sawyer, upon being informed of the captain's refusal, issued an order directing him to produce the women in court forthwith. This was accordingly done, and Judge Sawyer then ordered the women to be placed on the steamer San Pablo in custody of the steamship company until their cases could be investigated.

Collector Hager stated that he had issued his orders to Dearborn in compliance with the statute prohibiting the importation of women for immoral purposes, as he had received a report from the deputy collector to the effect that it was for the purposes that the women had been brought here.

A CLASH OF AUTHORITY.  
 When the women were taken to the Pacific Mail Dock, Customs Inspector Dorsey refused to allow them to go on board the steamer San Pablo, saying that he was acting under instructions from Collector Hager. United States Marshal Franks went to the docks and ordered Dorsey to allow the women to go on the ship. Dorsey still refused, and insisted that Franks should show the badge of his authority as Marshal. This Franks refused to do, and he finally placed Dorsey under arrest for defiance of resisting his authority, and the women then went on board the ship.

## THE EDUCATORS.

## Preparations for the Annual Convention at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] The local executive committee, appointed at a meeting of the directors of the National Educational Association at Lawrence, Kan., last month, met this evening and organized, with H. G. Holt as President; James G. Kennedy, Vice-President; James Wandersman, Treasurer; and J. H. Pryor, Secretary. A dispatch of greeting was sent to Aaron Gove, president of the association at Denver, informing him of the organization of the committee. A letter was also sent to the association, read from Superintendent Freisner of Los Angeles, and letters and circulars from President Gove and Secretary Wandersman. A general discussion of the plan of operations was had, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Campbell, Wilson and Kennedy, was appointed to prepare an address to the teachers of the State. Saturday of each week is fixed as the time of holding meetings.

## SAN FRANCISCO NOTES.

## Creighton's Missing Bondsman Brought to Time-McCord's Trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—[By the Associated Press.] A. C. Dietz, one of Creighton's bondsmen, who has been missing for several weeks, arrived here tonight, having been found on a ranch in Fresno county by a detective sent to serve a subpoena on him for his appearance as a witness in the McCord case. Dietz's office was where he had been attached, pending the result of the suit against him and John Hill for the recovery of \$10,000 in the forfeited bond of J. Creighton.

## CRIMINALS ARRANGED.

## Seneca Augustus Swain was charged in the Superior Court today on the charge of stealing Clara Belle McDonald's diamonds. He pleaded not guilty. The trial was set for December 20th.

Philip O'Brien, who stabbed and killed Thomas Rosenberg several months ago, was arraigned in Judge Murphy's court today on a charge of murder.

DIMMIG HELD.  
 Police Judge Hornum today this morning held John A. Dimmig for trial before the Superior Court on the charge of the murder of Henry Benhayon. The Superior Court this morning granted a writ of habeas corpus returnable next Thursday, in the case of Dimmig.

## THE DEMOCRACY HOPES.

The State Democratic Club has decided to appoint a special committee to proceed to Washington and use every endeavor to influence the holding of the next National Democratic Convention in this city. Two members of the club go east on the mission at once.

## ANOTHER SALOON MURDER.

Carl A. Sundquist, a sailor, shot a woman named Minnie Lorne in a saloon this morning. He then placed the revolver in his mouth and fired. It is believed the man and woman will both die. The cause of the shooting is said to be jealousy.

Testimony in the



## TRAIN ROBBERS.

### They Again Secure a Large Booty.

#### Bloodhounds Helping the Officers in Pursuit.

#### Chicago Anarchists Cowed by the Fate of Herr Most.

The Harper Case in the Hands of the Jury—Arrests for Election Fraud at Columbus—An Actress' Narrow Escape from Fire.

**LITTLE ROCK (Ark.), Dec. 10.**—[By the Associated Press.] Information has been received here that the north-bound train on the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas Road was stopped last night near Texarkana by three masked men. They took everything of value from the express car and relieved all the passengers of their money and valuables.

The postal clerk in the car fired several shots at them with a rifle, and a volley was returned. No harm was done. The robbers did not molest the mail.

Gov. Hughes and the railroad officials have offered rewards for the apprehension of the men.

Late tonight officers are pursuing the train robbers with all the resources of the country in every direction. Later developments show that no attempt was made to rob the passenger coaches.

#### THE HARPER TRIAL.

**The Case Submitted to the Jury.**

**CINCINNATI, Dec. 10.**—[By the Associated Press.] The closing scenes in the Harper trial came this morning. Both sides announced that there would be no arguments, and Judge Jackson charged the jury. The charge occupied an hour and fifty minutes. It was strongly against Harper, and the judge declared that the prisoner had committed wrongful acts on his own admission. The jury were taken to their room to begin their deliberations, and the court adjourned till 10 o'clock.

The verdict in the Harper case will not be received until Monday morning.

#### A GOOD WARNING.

**Chicago Anarchists Afraid of Sharing Herr Most's Fate.**

**CHICAGO, Dec. 10.**—[By the Associated Press.] The first of the anarchist benefit entertainments was held in the North side Turner hall this evening and consisted of gymnastic exhibitions, dancing and beer drinking. The Socialist, T. J. Merzan, announced that contrary to the programme there would be no speeches. He thought that it was as well, when they looked at New York and saw the outcome of the Most trial.

**Tenders for Mail Service.**

**CHICAGO, Dec. 10.**—A special to the Daily News from Montreal says: Vice-President Vanhorn of the Canadian Pacific denies that he made tenders for the Atlantic mail service, but admits that Anderson & Co. of London, England, owners of the Orient line, have tendered for weekly service steamers to make twenty knots an hour, and to surpass in every way those sailing to New York and other American ports. While being independent of the Canadian Pacific, they would run in connection with the Pacific steamers.

**Four Miners Killed.**

**WILKESBARRE (Pa.), Dec. 10.**—Today a coal carriage at Wadell's shaft was being lowered into the pit, 300 feet deep, with ten miners in it. When within a hundred feet of the bottom the carriage became stationary and the rope began to slacken. Before the slack could be taken up the carriage descended with great force and four men were thrown to the bottom of the pit and instantly killed. The others are all seriously injured.

**More Calumet and Hecla Troubles.**

**CALUMET (Mich.), Dec. 10.**—The ground caved in about the man-engine shaft at the Calumet and Hecla mine at noon today, covering twenty feet square, timber being thrown across the opening and the earth piled on it. Volumes of smoke and gas are coming up, and the ground has settled from twelve to fifteen feet between the Hecla shaft and the man-engine shaft, and it is dangerous for the men to work.

**An Actress' Narrow Escape.**

**SHEPHERD BAY (Long Island), Dec. 10.**—The residence of S. M. Berry, on King's highway, was burned this morning. The loss is \$50,000. Mrs. Berry, better known by her stage name, "Hessie Darling," and her daughter were alone in the house, and barely escaped with their lives. They left behind \$700 in money and \$500 worth of diamonds.

**Arrested for Election Frauds.**

**COLUMBUS (Ga.), Dec. 10.**—The special grand jury called to investigate the election tally sheet forgery of 1885, made a report this afternoon returning eight indictments. No names are given out, but three arrests have been made: Robert Montgomery and Dr. C. R. Montgomery of Columbus, and Algernon Granville of Columbus.

**Pardon for a Mormon.**

**DEER LARK, Dec. 10.**—Charles Lurgston, formerly Superintendent of this city, sentenced by Judge Zane on October 14th to six months' imprisonment and a fine of \$100 for unlawful cohabitation, has been pardoned by President Cleveland on petition of his friends.

**A Texas Hanging.**

**ST. LOUIS, Dec. 10.**—Charles Rodriguez, yesterday afternoon, came Rodriguez was hanged for the murder of Pancho Garcia in 1885. Rodriguez asked to be shot as he was a soldier. This being denied, he refused to wear the black cap.

#### ALL TORN UP.

**The Gamblers Rattled by the "Times."**

The gamblers are "all torn up" over the Times. They want to know "why that d— Times ain't willing to let the boys earn a living," and "why it don't let go." They apprehend that a few more jobs will make the matter so binding that the authorities will feel obliged to make a raid or two, and as a raid costs the gamblers money, they are naturally irritated and anxious over the prospect. They are willing to put up plenty of hard coin for any arrangement that will rid them of the present suspense, and put them in a position where they are sure of some protection. They don't want to be pulled as the law requires, nor yet to be bled too mercilessly for immunity from raids. Everything was lovely until the Times got on their trail, but now they look anxiously every morning to see if "the boys" are "burned up" again.

The games continue to run, however. Whipple, who has never once been pulled here, was alleged yesterday to have sold out his game for \$50,000. A well-known policeman came to the Times yesterday and vouched for the story; but his statement did not choke off further inquiry. Whipple was running two games last night in person. And here comes in the coolest piece of gall probably ever seen in this city. Various illegal resorts have been known to circulate cards on the quiet, but for a faro game to openly advertise its business by handbills on the streets caps the climax of

nerve and confidence. The following hand-bill was circulated yesterday:

"A MISTAKE."

"The article appearing in the morning paper in regard to the gambling house kept by Whipple, in the Rose block, is

"A MISTAKE!"

"As he is at 205 1/2 North Main street, where none but gentlemen are admitted."

"—J. A. WHIPPLE."

Even the other gamblers were a little startled by this cheeky effusion, but "reckoned" Whipple did it to exonerate the Rose block as well as to advertise his game. He at any rate seems confident that his past immunity from molestation will continue.

Besides Whipple's there are several other prominent games now running on the main thoroughfares—the Brunswick, on Spring street opposite the new Phillips block; the Temple, over the saloon of the Temple block; the game block of McGinnis' saloon on North Main street, and so on, besides others on side streets, and the perfect host of tan and lottery games in Chinatown.

**BRIEFS.**

Edward Carroll, for violating the garbage ordinance, was arrested yesterday.

Argument in the case of the vitriol-fiend, Gretzie Rozelle, will be begun tomorrow morning.

Pat Henry was taken to the police station last night about 11 o'clock for being drunk on Alameda street.

John A. Logan Post, G.A.R., holds its first camp fire tomorrow evening at G.A.R. Hall, 25 North Main.

Two persons were yesterday arrested by the police for violating the city ordinance in regard to hitching horses.

The famous St. Louis Browns play with the Los Angeles nine at the St. Louis street ball grounds this afternoon and tomorrow.

The Woman Suffrage Club will meet at 314 South Spring street, Tuesday, December 13, at 3 p.m. All interested are cordially invited.

Early yesterday morning E. Downey was arrested for creating a disturbance on Main street. He was released on depositing \$25 as surety for his appearance.

C. H. Foote of Kansas City reached this city yesterday with some fine horses. He took them to the race track. Among the lot is the famous Mollie Foote.

E. J. Vawter, R. R. Tanner, T. A. Lewis, George Van Every and others are preparing to hold a \$25,000 wharf at Santa Monica. It will be 1500 feet long, and used as a landing for ocean steamers.

The base-ball game between the two Native Son parties of this city will be played at Agricultural Park at 10 a.m. today, instead of the Sixth-street grounds, as was announced by the evening papers yesterday.

The Centinella-Inglewood Company has put on a four-horse coach between their office and Inglewood, leaving at 9:30 a.m., and returning at 5 p.m. to carry passengers desiring to see the property. It is understood that arrangements will soon be completed and that the company will be in operation.

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## THE OLD WORLD.

### An Assassin Attempts to Kill Ferry.

#### The Ex-Premier Slightly Wounded—His Assailant Arrested.

#### Germany Preparing to Meet Russia's Warlike Demonstrations.

Bismarck Lays the Basis for Further His Scheme for Increasing the Army—France to Conciliate Russia by Retaining Troops of the Crimean War.

By Telegraph to The Times.

**PARIS, Dec. 10.**—[By Cable and Associated Press.] Jules Ferry was fired at three times this afternoon by a man in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies. There was great excitement in the city, and it was reported that Ferry was seriously injured. Ferry was shot by a man named Berckel, who appeared in the hall of the Chamber of Deputies, and asked to see Ferry and Goblet. Goblet did not respond to Berckel's request for an interview, but Ferry did, and on his appearance, Berckel drew a revolver and fired three times at him. Two bullets struck Ferry, but he was able to proceed to the hospital supported by his friends. In reply to inquiries by friends as to the severity of his wounds, he responded:

"It's nothing."

Berckel has been arrested. Ferry's wounds are slight. The shots only grazed the skin after piercing the clothes. One shot struck in the chest and the other in the right side. The bystanders tried to lynch Berckel, but he was prevented by the police, and was carried off to the hospital. Ferry's wounds are of the slightest nature. He is a man of 50 years old. He states that he is one of a band of twenty revolutionists. The band drew lots and it fell to him to commit the first crime. Berckel declares he was not a revolutionary, but a man of the people. After his injuries had been attended to at the hospital, Ferry returned to his home in the evening.

In consequence of the attempt on the life of Ferry, there were many heated moments in the Chamber of Deputies between Goblet and the radicals. Goblet joined in a discussion, and accused the radicals of provoking weak minded persons to deeds of violence. Several scuffles ensued, and it is expected they will lead to duels.

**BERLIN BUDGET.**

**BERLIN, Dec. 10.**—[Copyright 1887 by the New York Associated Press.] The press of the new German military service bill is issued tonight. It sets forth that the German Army is composed of men whose liability to serve in the active army extends over twelve years, while in the Russian Army the period is fifteen years and in France twenty years. "Besides this, it must be considered," says the preamble, "that the geographical position of Germany exposes her to attacks by powerful armies on her frontiers simultaneously. Her security lies in her strength, and this should be guarded more than it is at present. An end must be put to the existing uncertain condition of things. The Government therefore expects that to secure the passage of the present bill will be sufficient to appeal to the patriotism of the German people. By the bill before the Reichstag the six yearly classes, formerly composing part of the landwehr, are placed in immediate readiness for any dangerous emergency. The increased cost of administration in augmenting the number of men who will have to answer the call of arms will not exceed 15,000 marks. The non-recurring expenditure incurred is estimated at \$250,000 marks, and for the navy further measures are in contemplation."

The whole tone of this remarkable manifesto suggests that the recent outbreak of the official press over the Russian troops on the frontier, had something of a fictitious character.

Prince Bismarck is known to have greatly hurt the chances for the immediate passage of the Landwehr bill, which the military press now estimates will add half a million of men to the effective force in the event of mobilization. So the press anticipates, recalling similar agitation preceding the septennate vote, was melted, and will be melted, until the bill is passed.

The concentration of Russian troops on the frontier at the present time is part of a long-concerted plan of the Russian War Office. The consideration to be necessitated by the special difficulties of Russian mobilization. At the same time, the presence of Russian troops on the frontier, will be held by the Reichstag as a justification for a complete reform of the military.

**Pesther Lloyd.** In a pacific article, invites Russia to state her policy regarding Bulgaria, relying upon the disposition of the allied powers to Russia, and to maintain peace with a loyal observance of treaties. The article coincides with a belief held in high diplomatic quarters that Germany and Austria will compel Prince Ferdinand to abdicate if Russia will bring forward a suitable candidate for the Bulgarian throne.

**NOTES FROM ABROAD.**

**A Timely French Plan to Tackle the Czar.**

**PARIS, Dec. 10.**—Madame Adam has written a letter to the French press which suggests that the French navy in the Tuileries be returned to the Navy Club of Sebastopol, and that the cross and stele be returned to the old church of St. Vladimir.

**The Republic Française and Gaulois** applaud the proposal. The latter paper says: "The testimony of the French press for Russia must obtain our support."

**CONSTABLE WHELAN'S MURDERERS.**

**DUBLIN, Dec. 10.**—The trial of the seven men indicted for manslaughter for killing Constable Whelan was continued today. The jury returned a verdict of guilty against O'Leary and four other prisoners. O'Leary was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment; the other four to seven years' imprisonment.

**VANDERBILT AND THE SULTAN.**

**CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 10.**—The Vanderbilt party and another party of Americans yesterday witnessed the solemn ceremony. The Sultan sent a message to United States Minister Strauss, who was also present, that he would receive visitors.

**RUSSIA WANTS FUNDS.**

**LONDON, Dec. 10.**—A St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily News reports that Russia wants a loan, and will be compelled to accept the stringent terms of French bankers, whose demands have hitherto prevented arrangements being made. The Berlin market, he says, is closed to Russia.

**Court Notes.**

In Judge Cheney's court, The People vs. Christ, Rich was set for Saturday, 17th of December, at 1:30 p.m., venue of the case.

In Judge Gardner's court yesterday, Dorcas H. McFadden, a lady 29 years of age, was found on testimony to be insane and committed to the State Hospital.

Before Justice Tansy yesterday David Justice, J. R. Patterson, James Thompson, T. J. Evans, J. A. Cuddy, Thomas J. Ryan and W. Thompson were each fined \$5 for disturbing the peace; J. J. Hood \$7 for the same offense; M. Fitzgerald \$5 for the same offense; and likewise, and Steve Cushion \$10 for being in the same boat. In the case of Turala for battery sentence will be given on the 14th inst., and the case of Dominguez is set for December 17th.

**The Lady Retired.**

[St. Paul Globe.]

Anent the visit of Chief Justice Walter to St. Paul some years ago and a stage party which was given for his benefit by a

prominent citizen, I am reminded of a little incident in connection with the party which is very good in its way. The host, whose wife was in the East, thought it coming to invite, to sit at the end of the dining-table, a well-known society lady of those days, now deceased. She came and did the honors gracefully, but when she should have retired and left the gentlemen to their wine she manifested an intention to stay. The host was perplexed, the guests annoyed, and an awkward scene was promised, when one of the gentlemen—a dignified judge in demeanor and position—furnished the key to the situation. He saw the dilemma, cleared his throat and announced an anecdote: "Years ago," said he, "I was waylaid with a party of friends one stormy night in a country town. It was not, our rooms disagreeable and the mosquitoes vexations. At midnight we all arose and in our nightshirts went to the bathroom. There we shook dice, matched dollars, cut matches, and did everything else possible to pass away the time. Finally we hit on a new scheme. All of us stood up against the bar with our backs to the bartender, took the tail of each man's shirt and tacked it to the top of the bar. To each tail there was the same number of tacks, and each tacked on the same position. The idea then was for all to pull away, and the man who got loose last was to pay for the drinks. 'Well, started. My shirt—' It was growing too hot in that room for the lady. She fled without an adieu."

**ODD PARAGRAPHS.**

When little children gambol they do not play for money.

Open to question: The mouth of an inquisitive person.

A good many supposed facts are found to have false foundations.

His face is his fortune: An insurance agent's.—[Texas Siftings.]

What is an ounce of prevention? Well, quinine is, in New Jersey.

Smells gas. Strikes match. Happy dispatch.

A Texas woman has invented a pie safe. The great need of the age, however, is a safe pie.

The older a man gets the more difficult it is to pull the wool over his eyes. He has a good deal less wool, you know.

Never disturb a contemplative man. It is not safe to get near that of thought when it is in motion.—[Lowell Citizen.]

A friend who playfully points a loaded pistol at another has too little sense to be a good acquaintance.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

When first engaged. She used to write. On program paper. Of creamy white.

But since we're married— She says all she needs. On a postal card.

Men who blurt out more than they can chew are no worse off than those who want to chew more than they can bite off.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

A good pre to study human nature is in a horse car; but you are apt to think that human nature isn't worth studying before you get through.—[Somerville Journal.]

A (who enters as a good deal): I have really enjoyed the evening exceedingly. Mrs. Buck. It's such a relief to get out of one's own atmosphere once in a while.

**THE IMPROVEMENT.**

He was fond of his wife and his togeth were sincere.

As he said, upon looking her over. "What a peachy complexion you have! why, I never observed it before."

"What nonsense!" she said, with a smile and a blush.

Recalling the season of youth: "At my age 'tis out of the question. So hush! You know you're not telling the truth."

With face that betrayed not a sign of remorse. The interlarded joker replied, "There are peaches of different kinds, and of course I allude to those that were dried."

—[Josephine Pollard in Harper's Bazar.]

**How He Secured Quiet.**

"It is a pleasant day, sir," said the loquacious barber.

"You're right. Just hold on a minute. I want to make a note of the order of the day, my partner," and the patron got out of the chair, all lathered as he was, took down his official press, opened a notebook, and made an entry therein.

It worked for full fifteen minutes and then once more the ruling pastor asserted itself.

"Your face is rather tender, sir."

"Is that so? I guess I will call on my physician and get something to toughen it. Just wait until I make a note of it so I won't forget," and again the half-shaven customer went for the notebook.

Ten minutes more, and the barber said: "You need a shampoo, sir; your hair is full of dandruff."

"I can't do that now, I'm in a hurry now, but please remind me of it when you get through, so that I can make a note of it."

For seventeen long months now that man has been shaved by the same barber, and during all this time he has remained as si-

mply as a dove, with not a stone in his country graveyard at midnight.

**Belles at a Backwoods Ball.**

Miss Lizzie McShiffen was rigged out as pretty as a red and green wagon with two spring-seats, and made more

ashes than a few. She had on a blue dress with a red cap at the sides, and a puffy something on the other side. Miss Sue Sharp wore an en train rig and could have knocked Mrs. Lantry silly when it came to good looks. Her hair was in curl and her face in powder. She had six rings on her fingers, and bracelets clean to her elbow. Little Birdie Bloom was "the daintiest darling of all" in white toggery of some sort, looped up in spots. She wore hand-painted gloves and slippers and carry-all jewelry. Miss Dorothy reminded one of a double rainbow and was the belle of the occasion. It's a cold day when Lizzie Ann Dorothy gets left at a ball.

**One Cashier That is Safe.**

[Minneapolis Journal.]

"I see you have a new cashier," remarked the president of one bank to another.

"Yes, we set him to work yesterday."

"Had any experience?"

"Lots of it."

"Under heavy bonds, I suppose. Our bank is under \$150,000."

"Well, no; we did not require big bonds."

"Great heavens, man, he'll run off in two weeks with the whole bank."

"We have every confidence in him."

"Well, you'll pay dearly enough for it. He'll be in Canada inside of a month."

"I think not. You see he has just run away from a Canadian bank with \$200,000. I think he is safe enough."

**Love's Garden.**

[Washington Letter.]

Delegate Bean of Arizona is a jolly good fellow, and one who enjoys good jokes, even at his own expense, and he is willing to tell one. He said the other night, while talking at Willard's with a company of friends:

"There is a great deal of fun to be gotten out of life, but I think my wife leads the list. I am her first husband. First she married a Mr. Root, the second was a Mr. Flower, and the third, myself, a Mr. Bean. The Lord only knows what part of the vegetable kingdom she will go to for her fourth husband."

**Honors Are Easy.**

[Springfield Journal.]

Jeff Davis is said to be in favor of Mr. Cleveland for a second term. As there is no evidence that Mr. Cleveland was opposed to Jeff's first term, this may be considered a fair exchange.

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## HINTS FOR WRITERS.

## PRACTICAL ADVICE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

Mary J. Holmes Gives Some Inside Workings of the Literary Mill—Common Sense, Enthusiasm and Education the Qualifications.

(Copyrighted 1887.)

BROOKPORT, N. Y., Dec. 9.—I have been asked to give some practical advice to would-be writers. When I say "would-be" writers I mean no disrespect to those who are standing at the threshold of the door of literature waiting for the "open sesame" which shall bid them enter. In a way we are all would-be, no matter how successful we may have been. Who that stands on the tenth round of the world's ladder would not be on the twelfth if there were a twelfth? And it is right. Ambition is a good thing if kept under control, and I have always deemed it a good thing to have bids to be content with the station in life to which it has pleased God to call us. To do our duty there is one thing, while to be content is quite another. If it is possible to better ourselves. If this rule were followed there could never by any progress or change, and Abraham Lincoln would have split rails all his life by that humble station in the West, instead of wearing a thirty-dollar crown and a name which can never die. And so, when I see my fellow-creatures struggling to rise, with the belief that they have a talent which should not be hidden, I am glad to give them a helping hand, especially if they are would-be writers for whom this talk is intended, and to whom I am giving my own opinions and experience, which may be very different from those of another.

"I want to write a book. Will you tell me how to do it, and what I ought to read, and how to get my book published after it is written?" are questions often asked of those who, from long experience, are supposed to know the inside of the in.

To the question, how to write, I should say:

DON'T WRITE AT ALL,

unless you are sure you have the gift, which is God-given, born with you, and can no more be made to order than can a taste for music when one has no ear for it. Don't think you can write because you are fond of reading stories and devote everything that comes in your way, or because you think your self as capable as your friend, who has achieved a success you vain would emulate. You must have the ideal world in you and about you. You must be early be familiar with the imaginary people and events, and who, if you are real yourself, will come to you sleeping and waking, at daybreak and sunset, and, laying their shadowy hands on yours, will hold you fast until you are tired, and then you can no more come from writing than the bird can keep from singing when the dew is on the grass and the morning is at its freshest. If you have never experienced this glow of enthusiasm, if you have never felt that you are taking up writing as you would any other business, because you think it will pay, or you want fame and money, don't try to write, for if you do it will be the stilted and unnatural.

But if you are sure it is in you, and you have something to say, go ahead and do the best you can, burning every second page and cutting from the other every superfluous sentence, especially if it has in it that flowery kind of sentiment in which young writers are so apt to indulge. Nobody will read it, for if you reach the masses, and to be wholly successful you must reach them, they will care more for the story than for fine writing or long pages of reflections and moralizing; and, above all, do not affect a show of pedantry by introducing parts of the encyclopedia and quoting from Plutarch and the classics. It is

EASY FOR WRITERS TO SEEM LEARNED if they have text books at their command, but the rule is really seen through. I once saw an author's name in the title, and he made long to possess themselves of the articles. After asking the price, however, they usually resort to another dressmaker, who produces a far more simple and effective.

Postoffice Names. (Buffalo Express.) Here are some of the names of Texas postoffices: Shoo Fly, Poetry, Seclusion, Poplar, Haystack, Glory, Grabbal, Baby Head, Exile, Goodluck, Dime-box, U. Z. Fairy, Ditto. Tennessee has these queer names: Yum Yum, Hatmaker, Sweet Lips, Trunk, Miser, Aunt, Fokeberry, Help, A. Z. U. B.

Missouri has some unique specimens of nomenclature: Peculiar, Pure Air, Good Night, Linggo, Pay Down, Useful, Umpire. In Georgia you can find Hard Cash, Ty Ty, Hat, Crane Eater, Pay Up, Duck, Hat Off, Drone, Alligator, Pumpkin, Recovery. Alabama has some fantastic addresses: Dollar, Dug, Widows, Pea, Slip, Kentucky isn't far behind with: Habit, Hard Money, Honesty, Goforth, Viper, Pig. You have to go to Virginia for these: Peanut, Bachelor's Hall, Rain, Ah Si, Potatoes. You can discover in South Carolina a Bonnet, a Dutchman, and a Bachelor's Retreat. In Pennsylvania, Bullion, a Husband, and a Crum. In North Carolina, a Patriot, a Philanthropist and a Sodom. In California, an Angel's Camp, You Bet. In Wisconsin, a Dry Bone. In West Virginia, Gin. In Arizona, a Total Wreck. In Dakota, Worms. In Kansas, Popcorn. In Arkansas, Delay. In Oregon, a Bake Oven. In Montana, an Anaconda. In Minnesota, Faith.

WHAT YOUNG WRITERS SHOULD READ.

The question, "What ought I to read?" I cannot answer without first knowing what you have read; but of this I am assured, that without common sense and a good education you will never succeed. No publisher worth having will look at a manuscript which he sees at a glance is badly spelled and full of grammatical errors. That this is often the case I know from experience, for I am frequently asked to read MSS. which show such ignorance that I give them up in despair. But assuming that you are a fair English scholar, I would say, read history and poetry and general literature, of the past and present, and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the works of the best writers, both ancient and modern. Study the book of human nature, for there you will find your greatest help and inspiration. Study yourself and people, and their motives and your motives, and think what you would do if placed in situations similar to those in which you put your characters, who must be as real to you as the flesh and blood people around. If you are not in sympathy with them; if you neither laugh, nor cry, nor rejoice, nor

sorrow with them, you cannot expect your readers to do so.

In describing a locality be sure you are right, if like Walter Scott, you go miles to see it. Be accurate even in so minute a detail as the starting of a train. These matters may seem very trivial, but they make the book read as if it were true, and you can scarcely have a higher compliment. A plot was thought necessary twenty years ago, but recently there has come into fashion a

NEW STYLE OF WRITING,

and there are successful novels in which there are only long descriptions and interminable dialogues, varied occasionally by some incident which keeps the story going, as you like this sort of thing and have not sufficient imagination to weave a plot and make it fit all its parts, attempt the conversational and descriptive style. Somebody is sure to like it, that is, if you can get it published.

And on this point I should like to say something, but am reminded that my time is up, and I must leave unsaid a great deal that I meant to say in this beginning. When one who has been accustomed to range at will over hundreds of pages is limited to so many words, it is much like taking a wild colt from the ranches of the West and setting it up in a corral, where it is told to exercise. The colt can't exercise, for after the first leap it strikes its head against the bars. Neither can I do justice to my subject, for, just as I get warmed to it I am compelled to stop. But some time, when the clouds have become more, and have learned that the apples of Sodom, I may tell them something of my experience with publishers and critics, and last, though not least, reporters.

MARY J. HOLMES.

Buying Dresses in Paris.

(Paris Edition New York Herald.)

Crowds of Americans were selecting beautiful furs and garments at Redfern's yesterday. A wealthy Russian princess purchased a real black fox and plain blue cloth evening wrap for \$15,000. Another pretty evening wrap was of pearl-colored plush, lined with white Thibet, and rolling collar of Thibet. The Queen of Portugal had a blue electric cloth suit, with white undershirt and a long, pointed collar, and a side piece in the sleeves of white cloth braided with gold, buttoned into the sleeves. A small pointed plastron of white cloth braided in gold adorned the corsage. The costume was rich material, reaching to the bottom of her over the ordinary street gown. A toque blue cloth hat was with it, with a brim of blue velvet braided in gold, and two stiff gold patterns completed the costume. Among the others in the pretty street toilet was one for Margherita, Queen of Italy. An olive-green cloth suit, trimmed with Astrakhan. The jacket had a small cloth vest of red cloth, across which were cords of broad braid, and the edge of jacket were narrow bands of Astrakhan. Loops of military braid fell from the right shoulder, not unlike the Italian officers' plain green braids down the sides. Her broad skirt, of Astrakhan, over which the overskirt hung in long graceful folds, though very plain and simple. Another gown for the Queen was a white cloth skirt braided in gold, and a long polonaise of light gray cloth looped high on the sides. The corsage buttoned on the side and trimmed with white and gold. The skirts now worn are without bustles, though full and plain in the back. Many of the hand-somest and most interesting gowns are of plain pearl cloth braided, and with black cloth or lighter color of the same material draped over them. An Irish cloak for evening was very pretty, of white cloth lined with silk or fur, and a hood lined with silk. Miss Hattie Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell of Oregon, had a handsome long black Astrakhan coat bordered with gray, of the same material, reaching to the bottom of her gown. Next month is the busy time for the French customers, and after that is the Russian season. All the new and winter fashions suggest convenient garments for a New York winter where it is always more severe than in France. The Rue de la Paix windows exhibit many fascinating little garments in the toilet, and make ladies long to possess themselves of the articles. After asking the price, however, they usually resort to another dressmaker, who produces a far more simple and effective.

Postoffice Names.

(Buffalo Express.)

Here are some of the names of Texas postoffices: Shoo Fly, Poetry, Seclusion, Poplar, Haystack, Glory, Grabbal, Baby Head, Exile, Goodluck, Dime-box, U. Z. Fairy, Ditto. Tennessee has these queer names: Yum Yum, Hatmaker, Sweet Lips, Trunk, Miser, Aunt, Fokeberry, Help, A. Z. U. B.

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## BUSINESS.

## OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Los Angeles, Saturday, Dec. 10.

The high prices of coal continue, but the situation here is not yet as bad as San Francisco, judging from the following dispatch received this evening:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—Local coal dealers have decided to increase the price of coal \$2 per ton. The advance includes Wellington, Scotch Splint, West Hartley, Sydney and Ryndal.

There have been large arrivals of bananas during the past few days, and the market is well supplied.

The bean market is advancing, although receipts of late have been heavy.

Some very fair Navel Oranges were on sale today. They retailed at 75 cents per dozen.

## Local Stocks and Bonds.

Following are the sales on the Los Angeles Stock Board, 130 West First street, Saturday, December 10th, 1:30 p.m. session:

L. A. & S. M. L. & W. Co., 5 shares.....	\$10.00
L. A. & S. M. L. & W. Co., 10 shares.....	20.00
L. A. & S. M. L. & W. Co., 5 shares.....	10.00
Temple-street Cable, 20 shares.....	9.50
Vineyard L. & W. Co., 20 shares.....	9.50
Vineyard L. & W. Co., 10 shares.....	4.75
Temple-street Cable, 20 shares.....	9.50
Temple-street Cable, 20 shares.....	9.50
Panorama, 40 shares.....	18.50
Panorama, 20 shares.....	9.25
Panorama, 10 shares.....	4.62
Panorama, 5 shares.....	2.31
California Cooperative Co., 2 shares.....	200.00
California Cooperative Co., 1 share.....	100.00
Blue Gravel M. & Co. Co., 500 shares.....	.0814

## Stocks and Bonds.

By Telegraph to The Times.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—Money on call easy at 3 per cent; closed offered at 2 1/2.

Prime mercantile paper, 60 days, 10 per cent.

Sterling exchange, dull but steady at 4 1/4 for 60-day bills; 4 3/4 for demand.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—The stock market today was extremely quiet, and there was almost no feature of interest developed through the session. Dealings were for the most part by traders' scaling operations, and for small transactions in the market.

Government bonds were dull but steady.

## NEW STOCK MARKET.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—Improvement, 2 1/2.

Mechanical Central, 3 1/2.

Kan. & Texas, 1 1/2.

## SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.

Best & Belcher, 3 1/4.

Chollar, 2 1/2.

Gold & Curry, 2 1/2.

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## THE MODEL TOWN OF CALIFORNIA!

Free conveyances from the office daily at 9:30 and 1:30 o'clock.

No liquor to be sold in this beautiful city of homes.

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Now on the market at first prices.

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## MRS. ROZELLE.

### EVIDENCE IN THE VITRIOL-POURING CASE ALL IN.

A Convenient Shortness of Memory—The Remarkable Omission of the Prosecution—The Case to Be Argued Tomorrow.

Yesterday morning Judge Cheney's court was crowded with people anxious to hear the closing evidence in the trial of Mrs. Rozelle for vitriol pouring. The cross-examination of Mrs. Rozelle not having been concluded on Friday, the case was opened yesterday by her taking the stand. She appeared calm and even confident. As the cross-examination was about to proceed, her counsel asked that Dr. Cole's evidence as an expert be first taken, and it was.

was sworn and took the stand. He said: I live in Los Angeles. I have studied chemistry. I am acquainted with the nature of sulphuric acid. I made some experiments yesterday at the request of Col. Wells. Water immediately thrown on sulphuric acid destroys the burning effect, the destroying power of the acid becomes neutralized. For example: jar of water, jar of sulphuric acid and add water to it, you could place your finger in it without experiencing anything but heat. If you put your finger into a jar of sulphuric acid and immediately into a jar of water the effect of the acid on the finger would be neutralized and nothing would be felt. Water immediately thrown on sulphuric acid on the human face and then water dashed on the face, it would depend upon the relative quantity of each whether the face would be destroyed or not. When water was thrown on the sulphuric acid it would increase and create greater heat, which would destroy the burning effect of the acid.

MRS. ROZELLE was again placed on the stand and her cross-examination resumed: Mr. Petrie never visited my room on the 11th of May. I never told anyone else about the face of Petrie after throwing the vitriol. I was examined on the trial of my husband in this courtroom and testified in his behalf. I may have been asked the question whether I had seen the face of Petrie after throwing the vitriol on him. If I said anything it was true. I said at that time that the vitriol was in my room for a long while—ever since I came from the East. I may have said that I cried for help when Petrie caught hold of me. I may have said that I holed under the bed. If I said anything it is true. I believe I stated on that examination that I could not say what words I had used. I was asked whether I knew as soon as he grabbed hold of me and threw me on the bed I holed for help. When I was on the bed and cried for help he placed his hand over my mouth. I may have used the word help in my examination. I think I did as near as I can remember. Mrs. Martin's house I cannot say I visited. I was so excited. I told the jury how I threw the vitriol and I don't think I said I dropped the bottle or anything of the kind. I remember that Petrie opened the door. There was a mark on the door a little above the knob. My mark looked like the imprint of fingers on the door. I remember that I saw the trial of Mr. Rozelle and since it was being living at the jail. The washstand in my room I cannot describe. But I remember that I had a washstand in my ordinary washstand with a wooden back. There were a good many bottles on the stand, mostly medicine bottles. As near as I can remember the vitriol was in the corner. When I was trying to defend myself I merely reached for something to defend myself with. I had a glass of water in the corner. When I was trying to defend myself I think Mr. McGreggor was at the house the day after the occurrence. I could not say whether he was or not. The trial of Mr. Rozelle I may have stated that Mr. McGreggor was there. I do not remember having spoken to him after that.

The counsel for the defense here objected to this mode of cross-examination. The District Attorney stated that he was eliciting replies to these questions from the notes of Mrs. Rozelle's testimony at the trial of Rozelle had been lost, and although every search had been made, they could not be found. The Court then said they would have to get on without them.

Mrs. Rozelle continued: I cannot say whether or not I told the jury that I was a husband, that I had a conversation with Mr. McGreggor. I don't remember whether or not I stated that Petrie had thrown the vitriol on him. I told her what happened. I do not remember whether Petrie and I walked around on our tiptoes. I do not know whether he was in his slippers or not. He was sitting on the bed and said "You are making a great mistake about nothing, and when he came towards me to take hold of me, I grabbed the vitriol bottle. In my excitement, I could not say how far he was from me when he was sitting on the bed. When he was sitting near the foot of the bed, I stood near the washstand when I took up the vitriol. I do not remember whether he came around the foot of the bed, because I was so excited. I walked to the window to raise the screen. I did not think anything about trying to walk lightly. I do not remember how long Mr. Petrie was in my room. When he placed me on the bed violently, I do not remember whether he got on the bed. I do not know how long I was on the bed. I cannot say what I did to get away. The screen was on the window. I remember right. I may have said at the former trial that my husband had the vitriol for the purpose of making experiments. I did testify at the former trial that when Petrie put his hand over my mouth Petrie said, "Damn you, keep still, or I will choke you;" and he also said "I will choke you in my power." I think I said that the vitriol was always on the washstand in my room. I never was acquainted with Petrie. I know him only by sight. I never spoke to him. I concluded the cross-examination of Mrs. Rozelle.

MRS. MARTIN was recalled. I know nothing about the character of Mrs. Rozelle. She came to my house in December, and lived there until the time of the occurrence with Petrie.

MRS. ROZELLE was again called to the stand by her counsel, and in answer to his questions said: I was married in 1882, and I was 25 years of age when I was married.

IN REBUTTAL.

Mr. Petrie, sworn: I did not throw Mrs. Rozelle on the bed at the time of the alleged assault. I did not put my hand on her mouth. I did not see Mrs. Rozelle rush to one of the windows. She did not scream. She did not cry for help. She did not order me to leave the room when I came into it.

The court then took recess until 1 o'clock.

At the beginning of the afternoon session HENRY M. BOHR was sworn: I am a druggist. I have been in that employment since 1876. I am acquainted with the uses and effects of vitriol. I made an experiment with vitriol yesterday at the request of Col. Wells. I put a piece of steak on a cloth and poured some vitriol on it. The effect of it was that the water on it the acid increased the heat and destroyed the meat, but the acid which was run off the meat when the Petrie Mrs. Rozelle poured on the cloth did not destroy the meat.

JULIUS H. MARTIN was next sworn: I am the time-keeper of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. I keep the time of the shop men and engine men. The engineers register with the superintendent in the train dispatcher's office I think. There is a book kept for that purpose. It is probably in Mr. Miller's office. The books which I have will show the day of the arrivals of the engines. Our engineers are required to make out a card over each division which they run, and from these cards I make up my books. In January Petrie was working up to the 8th. He was in Los Angeles on the 9th. He was not seen until the 11th. He then left until the 22d. He worked the 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th,

27th, 28th and 29th. He was running to Santa Paula. Between the 28th and 29th January he was not in our service. He did not work in February or March. He commenced work again on April 19th. He left Los Angeles on the 19th and returned on the 23d. He left on the 24th, returned the 27th, left the 28th and returned the 30th, left May 3d and returned the 5th, left the 8th and returned on the 10th, left the 11th and returned on the 14th.

MRS. JAMES KELSI was then sworn, and stated she knew Mrs. Petrie by sight, but did not know Mrs. Rozelle. Before any other questions could be asked, the counsel for the defense objected to this evidence being received, and after considerable discussion the Court ruled the evidence inadmissible.

As the arguments of both sides would occupy several hours in the analysis of the case it was decided by the Court to hear hearing it until Monday at 9 o'clock a.m.

The court then adjourned.

One of the most important points in the whole case has entirely failed to be brought out at this trial. Now, as before, Mrs. Rozelle swears that she never knew Petrie and never spoke to him before the assault. Her testimony was at once overwhelmingly impeached at the former trial, it being abundantly proved that she had been seen on the streets and at Bob Eckers' well-known resort with Petrie at all hours of the night. For some unknown reason this testimony has been wholly omitted in the second trial.

## THE PAPER CARNIVAL.

A Brilliant Success Brilliantly Wound Up.

The Paper Carnival closed last night with the largest audience of the week, fully 5000 people being present. The immense building was a grand success, and reflects the highest credit upon the lady managers as well as those who participated in the tableaux and had charge of the various booths. Just after the conclusion of the grand march, Rev. Dr. Fay mounted the stage and made the following address, which was received with great applause:

The ladies of the Church of the Unity request me to express to you their very hearty thanks for the cordial and thoroughly appreciative manner in which you have responded to their efforts to give an entertainment entirely new in this city and section. Your agreeable surprise, your unimpeachable approval, unabated through five successive evenings, is one of their compensations. But they sincerely believe that they can do better than this. When they began to prepare for this carnival they had but a vague idea of what it would be or what it ought to be. But beginning with the first night, the finest entertainment they have given you what is generally admitted to be the finest entertainment ever witnessed in Southern California. But with their present experience—the knowledge they have acquired in regard to the carnival, the work which should be done, and the degree of excellence, the harmony, the congruity, the variety, the beauty, the impressiveness of the work, they are fully persuaded that universal and enthusiastic as has been the praise that this carnival has elicited, they can surpass it. In respect to a succession of gorgeous displays and of sustained spectacular effect, this entertainment surpasses any one they have ever given. I am, therefore, on behalf of the ladies of my church, I now announce that during the week ending December 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, they will give in this place a series of entertainments, including a paper carnival and perhaps an authors' carnival. I am, therefore, on behalf of the ladies of my church, I now announce that during the week ending December 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, they will give in this place a series of entertainments, including a paper carnival and perhaps an authors' carnival.

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Robert J. Hudette, who had been in the freight house of the company for over a year.

ROBERT J. HUDETTE.

Waiter for the Ocean to Come to Savannah News.]

An Atlanta man walked up to the clerk of the hotel and wanted a key to a bath-house, as the dress booths are called, and in exchange his quarter received it and a bathing dress. The attendant on the beach then took the key and the bathing dressing rooms. About half an hour after the occupant opened the door, little and called the attendant to him and inquired when the water would be done, and he told him that it did not come up to the house and if he wanted to bathe he would have to go out there, pointing to the surf, which was rolling in in good stead. He then said that he would comply that he was not going out there and if they wanted him to bathe the water must be brought to the beach house. He was told that that could be done, and he then said that he would leave the key and the attendant and left the island much disgusted with its bathing facilities.

**On the Watch.**  
[Philadelphia Times.]

The people's servants in Congress about to assemble, should remember that their masters are at home, wide awake, and standing on the head of the back stairs with the door open.

[Washington Correspondent Philadelphia Record.]

**The Joker Outwitted.**  
[St. Paul Globe.]

A thrilling though true story relating to a prominent merchant of St. Paul but who is now visiting the lake, has just leaked out. The man in question has attended the annual business party and had imbibed rather freely of champagne, so much so that on returning to his office he felt an irresistible impulse to play on somebody a practical joke. The first person who came to his mind. Managing to reach his office, he called up an undertaker, and representing himself to be the Coroner ordered him to come immediately and remove a dead man. He telephoned another number and sent the messenger and still another. Not satisfied yet, he called a fourth—urging them to haste. He then threw himself on a sofa to await the fun.

He did not, however, want to sleep, and when the undertakers came he was dozing away in a half-drunken stupor. The undertakers soon understood the

**Chinese Leprosy in Oregon.**  
[Portland Times.]

It has been three years since the completion of the new and unsafe manner in which the Chinese lepers are imprisoned at the poor farm and Tuesday last the Grand Jury, at the first time, called attention to it. It is a burning shame, the grand jurors were told, that the lepers are inclosed, and the only wonder is that many people are not affected with disease. Any person who will trouble to call at the poor farm may see at once the necessity of more rigid guarding these people. They are Chinese lepers there in all stages of decomposition, from those who

**Goldstein's Grief.**  
[St. Paul Globe.]

S. Goldstone came to the Cent. Station yesterday afternoon and sold \$165 in Confederate scrip money with the sorrowful remark:

"Look ad id! Mein Gott, look ad! Alndt it awful? Und I thought I makin a great cash bargain."

Goldstein is a peddler of dry goods and makes trips to small towns throughout the State, selling from his peddler's box. At Ortonville, Minn., last week, he saw a man who offered to buy his wares, and a bargain was struck, and

price being fixed at \$20. The insurance counted out the full amount in checks, bills, and Goldstein was so elated that he forgot to look the money over carefully. He took the next train for Paul to lay in a new stock, and when he presented part of his gains to a savings bank for deposit the cash

**Reached the Limit.**  
(Detroit Free Press.)

A Detroit peddler of tinware took out some egg-beaters on his last trip, and as the price was only 15 cents each and they worked on a new principle, he calculated on big sales. His first experience will answer for all others. He drove to a farm house in the western part of Wayne county and took a beater in to exhibit. The people liked it exceedingly well, but the old farmer said:

"Young man, I want to see your patent."

"I have none."

"Then your written authority to make sales."

**A Pair of Funny Toads.**  
A Harrisburg (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Times is responsible for the following:  
"No one knows the funny things toads will do," said the Hon. James A. Sweeney, a Luzerne county naturalist and ex-member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. "On a recent cloudy day after a hard rain there was a cool breeze blowing. I was walking in my friend's garden near Hazleton when

**The Glorious Climate of California**  
(San Francisco Chronicle.)

"Julius Caesar," said the even more blasphemous San Francisco, as they stood beside the thermometer in the shade, "this is a most wonderful climate."

"You bet; the greatest in the world."

"It is hot, but I don't see that you can't stand boiling point out here."

"Oh, heat doesn't count in California."

"Now in New York we melt with 108° in the shade—you can't get any air—you can't get anything but heat."

"That's a fact."

"But look at this! Holy smoke! 100° in the shade, and thick wool!"

**Stories of Mason and Dixon's Line**  
[Chambersburg Repository.]

Our commissioners are on a special hunt for the old Mason and Dixon line between Adams and Fulton counties, dividing Franklin from the Maryland side. They say that it is the worst of the year.

**The Kind of a Girl to Have.**  
[Chicago Herald.]

Minneapolis girls average better than its editors. One of them (a girl, not an editor) was out with a young man the other evening, and when he put his hands in his pocket to pay for the cream that they had eaten, she saw the expression of his face that he had forgotten his money. She let him hunt a moment, and then, with no loss of presence of mind, handed him her own check.

pretty purse, saying: "How stupid me, I declare. When you passed your purse in the postoffice, while I stamped your letter, I forgot to return it." The grateful young fellow took the purse and paid the bill; now he would go through fire and water to please that girl.

The largest machine shop and con-

**Decay of the Paper Collar.**  
(Indianapolis Journal.)

There was a time when the paper collar reigned supreme. It encircled the masculine neck from Maine to California, and attained great popularity as an article of feminine attire. It nestled in boxes of every variety of color and style of adornment, it added attractiveness to the furnishing store.

**Emerson as a Charlatan's Guest.**  
[Baltimore Sun.]

While Ralph Waldo Emerson was on his way to California several years ago he fell in with a man who was altogether so sociable and chatty that a otherwise tedious journey was rendered as cheerful as possible. The man

**The Moneyed Girl Who Could Read.**  
[Chicago Herald.]

Not long ago a very nicely dressed woman, accompanied by a gentleman, looking man, walked into one of the banks and asked for a certificate of deposit. The bank was passed on

to her, for her signature. She used to be a very nervous girl. At the moment, glanced nervously at her escort, then boldly grasped the pen and put her face down close to the paper. When the teller took the book back, saw plainly enough that the lady had simply made some very minute upward scratches. He looked at her, saw her confusion, and decided to be lenient with her. He was unable to read the signature and inquired for the name. It was given promptly. The name was written in the teller's bold letters, the certificate filled out and delivered. The escort never suspected the difficulty, and the girl departed happy.

**A Lumberman Paralyzes a Spirit**  
[Punxsutawney Spirit.]

A pretty good story is told on the Reynolds of Reynoldsville. Dave is a droll genius and loves a joke as well as Christ Miller. While in New York a few years ago, Dave stopped at the Continental Hotel with some other gentlemen from his native town. Bills were placed before the guests, and soon all were sunnied argent. The

But he still sat there contemplating the outlandish French names on the bill of fare and trying to figure out what it meant, until a waiter, who stood behind him, began to get tired and finally asked: "Well, what will you have, mister?" Dave straightened up a little and looked the waiter in the eye, and said:

in distinct tones: "Bring me a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, please."

**It Doesn't Work.**

(Boston Herald.)

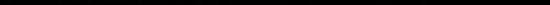
Some of our high-tariff friends in press are disposed to draw the line at "trusts." The extent of combination which a market that is a monopoly threatening to bring about is open their eyes to the evils that special legislation for the fostering of business entails. The principle of the tariff principle goes on, those who oppose being brought themselves to fight battles. Every instrumentality, deed, aids in this object among intelligent people, and in the end will and the welfare of the great number are sure to prevail.

**Coal-Dealers as Weather-Prophets**  
[New York Tribune.]  
Gen. Greely is a fine man and a big officer, but as the head of the Signal Service Bureau he is no such match for the average coal-dealer would be. The skill of the coal-dealers in timing their annual increase in the price of coal for the day before the first really cold weather arrives shows what magnificent fellows they are as weather-prophets.

**He Wanted More Meat.**  
[Myron W. Reed.]  
The first and the longest sermon ever preached drew this criticism from a farmer: He met me at the door, said: "Parson, don't name so many heads to your sermon; there is no man on a head."

1940

H. R. WARNER, PROP'R













## TESTING AN EXPLOSIVE.

ALLEGED WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF AN ENGINEER.

It May Work a Revolution in the Matter of Naval Attacks.—The effect on Zalkinsky's Air-Gun—Secretary Whitney's Discovery.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Information on has reached the Navy Department within the last two days of an experiment of apparently great importance to demonstrate the utility of the new explosive compound invented by an Americanized English civil engineer and chemist, a Mr. Emmens.

The experiment took place in the presence of a number of persons who are identified more or less prominently in what may be called explosive chemistry. Among them was Lieut. Zalkinsky of the army Engineers. Emmens did not take the on-lookers into his confidence in the important respect of allowing them to know the agents of which his new explosive compound is composed, he observed a sort of Keely-motor of mystery during a brief lecture delivered for the "information" of his attentive listeners, and during the extraordinary experiments which followed he vouchsafed, however, that the new explosive, which he has called Emmensite, is a chemical mixture of combustible and oxidizing substance after the manner of the formation of gunpowder, and most of the other exploded explosives.

The exact character of these combustible and oxidizing agents he withheld. One of the notable things in his announcement was the statement that all exploded explosives, known to science as mere mechanical mixtures and not true chemical compounds. The inventor declared that the strength and volatility of his new explosive depends upon the proportion of its simple ingredients—that it may be made stronger and quicker than dynamite or explosive gelatine, or weaker and less sensitive than gunpowder. The mysterious compound is a fluid, and was prepared by pouring into a common receptacle the contents of two bottles. The volatile character of the liquid was demonstrated to the satisfaction of those present by the detonation of a small quantity of the liquid in a yard back of the building in One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street, New York, where the experiment took place.

After this the compound was subjected to a number of surprising tests showing, or apparently showing, that it is comparatively insensitive to friction, concussion and heat of low degree. It was then poured into a small bottle with a steel hammer and churned with a mortar in a pestle in a manner that would bring even the best natured of modern explosives to the kicking point. It was then put into a metallic receptacle which was heated by a spirit lamp until a temperature which would have boiled water was reached. It is said that these experiments produced a profound impression upon the minds of the scientific men who witnessed them, and particularly upon Zalkinsky, notwithstanding the spooky air of mystery which the Britisher enveloped his pet idea. If there is no humbug in this experiment, and if the inventor asserts with great confidence the compound can be made as strong as nitro-gelatin, the prospects of the now celebrated Zalkinsky air-gun will suddenly vanish into thin air, because the new explosive will admit of the use of powder or gun cotton as its projectile agents, which would effectually do away with the air-gun and its cumbersome adjuncts, such as storage chambers, air pumps, and the like. This is therefore a subject of vast importance both to the navy and the army, for it may easily be one of those simple inventions which work revolution in settled fields of science, and if so, the among ordnance chemists abroad since the development of the Zalkinsky air-gun has been almost exclusively in the direction of devising a compound of high explosive power, and yet so light that it may be safely projected by powder or cotton.

The French were exhibiting six months ago over melinite, a very wicked but too highly sensitive mixture of others in an inert base, which they were projecting in their requirements; but melinite as a factor in ordnance was short lived. The same may prove true of Emmensite.

Secretary Whitney has lately made a discovery that seems likely to open up some of the same arrangements which have been making over several months at the navy-yards in Brooklyn and Norfolk for the construction of the two 6000-ton line-of-battle-ships authorized by the legislation of 1886. It had been determined to build these great vessels entirely with the Government plant to be provided at the naval stations; but Mr. Whitney finds out, after a careful inspection of the act appropriating for the boats, that the engines, boilers and other machinery must be procured by contract unless the Secretary shall be unable to get the same at fair prices. The act in this respect is not a little surprising that such an oversight should have happened. An interesting question will come up as to what constitutes a fair price for the required machinery. The act says that the engines, etc., shall be of domestic manufacture. No marine machinery as heavy as will be required for the two ships has ever been constructed in the United States, and comparison with the machinery of the same machinery in England or France would not be an adequate guide to the Secretary in deciding this question, because of the operation of their tariff system. It would be difficult to make an approximate comparison, because it is impossible to estimate the exact increase in the cost of production entailed by the tariff and its secondary or incidental influences. Another interesting feature is found in the fact that elaborate estimates of the cost of the machinery, if made at the navy-yards, are already in the hands of the Navy Department, having been made officially for the purpose of the act.

These estimates will unquestionably rise to torment their inventors when bids for the work shall have been received from private parties, and local influences which have been elated over the prospect of the construction of the vast engines and boilers may thus be thwarted and disappointed. Secretary Whitney will soon issue an advertisement inviting proposals for domestic machinery for the building of the machinery. Should the bid of any reliable concern come within the estimate of the Bureau of Steam Engineering the bureau will have reason to regret having made the estimates so early a date as it is understood that the bureau fully expected to build and desired to build the engines for both boats, and has been making preparations to that end.

Congressman Morrow of California has written a letter to Secretary Whitney urging the establishment of an additional naval training school at the Mare Island Navy-yard, and the location of at least one training-ship in California

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12,000—ACRES—12,000

# FINEST SAN FERNANDO VALLEY LANDS!

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—TO SECURE—

## FRUIT, GRAIN AND VEGETABLE LANDS!

Only Ten Miles from Los Angeles.

10-ACRE FARMS.

20-ACRE FARMS.

40-ACRE FARMS.

80-ACRE FARMS.

160-ACRE FARMS.

640-ACRE FARMS.

## 12,000 Acres of the Lankershim Ranch!

The Largest Wheat Farm in Southern California,

NOW OFFERED IN TRACTS TO SUIT EVERYBODY'S WANTS.

THIS TRACT being at the lower end of San Fernando Valley, all the waters of the Los Angeles, Pacoima and Tujunga rivers percolate through its porous soil. This fact explains why this particular part of the valley gives such generous returns of fruits and vegetables of an exceptionally fine flavor and quality without irrigation.

THE SOIL is a rich, deep, sandy-loam, easy to cultivate, and in which the roots of trees and vines fairly revel.

AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF WATER lies within 10 to 40 feet of the surface—the underground flow of the rivers named.

RAISIN GRAPES. No finer soil or location for this industry can be found in California. The net yield is \$200 to \$300 per acre per year, and this is one of the easiest to cultivate as well as the most profitable of fruit crops.

PEACHES, PEARS AND APPLES also do especially well in these lands and are of exceptionally fine flavor

VEGETABLES grow to the highest degree of perfection without irrigation.



44 NORTH SPRING ST.



## LANKERSHIM RANCH LAND AND WATER COMPANY.

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### THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

Crosses a corner of the tract, and arrangements are now being made to erect a station thereon. The new railroad to pass through the San Fernando and Simi Valleys to Hueneme will pass through the middle of this tract.

### The Alternate Blocks of 20 and 40 Acres

ARE OFFERED ON ESPECIALLY FAVORABLE TERMS.

While similar lands are sold at \$200 to \$300 per acre,

Alternate Blocks in This Tract Are Offered at \$120 Per Acre!

And the company pays for one-half of all permanent improvements.

Deferred payments bearing only 6 per cent. interest.

After the alternate blocks have been sold and improved, the prices of the others will be materially advanced, and the liberal offer of the company to pay for one-half of the improvements will be withdrawn; hence the importance of making selections early.

A WIDE AVENUE is now being graded through the tract and lined with trees for a distance of 6½ miles from north to south, and another of 8 miles from east to west.

WHILE YOUNG TREES AND VINES are maturing the thrifty farmer can make handsome profits from his lands by cultivating grains and vegetables.

IT COSTS NOTHING for the intending purchaser to examine these lands. Apply to

BURCH & BOAL, 136 W. First St.,

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No. 8 North Spring Street,

Or to F. C. GARBUTT, Secretary of the Company, 44 North Spring Street.



44 NORTH SPRING ST.



Principal Office, 44 North Spring Street.